

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEK

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GUIDED BY MARSHAL PETAIN, CENTRE, AND VICE-PREMIER ADMIRAL DARLAN, RIGHT, VICHY LAST WEEK SIGNALLED FULL CO-OPERATION WITH THE NAZIS. SEE PAGE 5.

THE Quebec legislature could certainly have chosen no more unfortunate time to vote themselves an increase of \$500 a year on top of their previous very adequate scale of remuneration. At a moment when every organized and unorganized class of labor is preparing to present its schedule of demands for increases, it is going to be extremely difficult to argue that the services of a Quebec legislator have suddenly become worth twelve or fifteen per cent more but that the services of a carpenter or tool-worker are no more valuable than they were a year ago.

The legislators are of course both employers and employees; as agents for the province they are able to come to terms easily with themselves as employees of the province on the scale of remuneration to which they are entitled. No conciliation board has to be invoked, and Minister of Labor McLarty can do nothing but gnash his teeth in impotence. The legislators have not even made it a cost-of-living bonus; it will go on and on, like the tail of the dormouse, for ever. And nobody, we suppose, will ever know just what particular piece of legislation was so necessary to the Government, and so unpalatable to the legislators, that they had to be reconciled to it by so substantial a "cut" out of the public funds.

Crete and Britain

THERE is a great deal about the German invasion of Crete, being watched with such intense interest by military strategists everywhere, which has a bearing on a possible invasion of Britain. The use of gliders on this rough and unsuitable terrain has been taken particularly as rehearsal for an attempt on a vastly greater scale against the Kent Downs. The seizure of Maleme aerodrome by parachutists and the rapid reinforcement and supply of this original force by transport plane might be paralleled by an attempt on one of the main aerodromes in the "invasion corner" near Dover.

Yet there are many striking differences between the circumstances surrounding the action in Crete and those which would attend a Nazi attempt on the British Isles. First and foremost, there is the matter of local air sup-

port. When the story is told it will probably turn out that we had no more than two or three fighter squadrons in Crete to meet the tremendous air power swiftly concentrated by the Germans in Greece, and that we withdrew them almost at the beginning of the fighting to prevent their annihilation.

In Britain the situation is somewhat different. A little booklet recently issued by the Air Ministry, and now reprinted in Canada by the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, tells what happened when the Germans tried to smother the fighter defences of South-Eastern England last August and September. On the greatest day, September 15, twenty-one R.A.F. fighter squadrons sent up instantly from bases between London and Dover clawed down 185 out of 500 attacking Nazis. Air Marshal Barratt has even given out a revised count of 232, with 17 probables on top of that, making a total of

49 per cent of the raiders destroyed! And these victims were the Germans' fastest and most powerful bombers and fighters; what the R.A.F. would do to slow-moving, troop-filled Junkers 52's and defenceless, motorless gliders defies the imagination.

There is no suggestion that the fighter defences of Britain, strengthened out of all comparison with last September, and supplied with faster, cannon-equipped planes, have not kept more than even with the Nazi threat. The magnificent showing of our small and inadequately-equipped garrison of Crete and the light naval forces operating 500 miles from their base at Alexandria, almost wholly deprived of air support, augurs well for what the highly-mobile, powerfully armed land defenders of Britain and the naval forces offshore would do with the support of the main strength of the R.A.F.

A more apt comparison would be between Crete and Ireland. But even if the Germans were to effect a landing in the far South-West corner of the island, we should be in a much better position to meet them than we have been in Crete. Our air bases in Cornwall, Wales and Ulster would be twice as close to the scene of conflict as the German bases in Brittany, and our naval forces consequently have more protection, while we could throw in mobile land forces from Ulster in a hurry. The invasion of any part of the British Isles would be a very different proposition from Crete.

Freedom of the Seas

THE renunciation by the United States at the outbreak of war of her traditional right to the freedom of the seas, for which, more than anything, she had gone to war in 1917, and which had always been the keystone of her foreign policy, was surely one of the most amazing abdications by a Great Power in history. Yet under the influence of the popular and cynical explanation of how she had been "drawn" into the last war, and in determination to prevent being "drawn" into this one, she hastened to renounce this traditional policy and to bar American merchant ships from large parts of the oceans considered dangerous.

Now the phrase "Freedom of the Seas" is being heard again in Washington. Within the past fortnight it has been spoken by President Roosevelt, by Secretary of the Navy "Admiral" Knox (as Dr. Goebbels has it), and by Secretary of War Stimson. It looks as though it were to become the watchword of American policy for the next phase of the war.

As in that innocuous and inoffensive appellation "Lend-Lease," President Roosevelt's sure psychological touch is evidenced here. "Freedom of the Seas" represents a strong, positive appeal, in contrast to the negative idea of "Naval Belligerency" launched in Administration speeches a month ago. It avoids all suggestion of, and necessity for, an outright declaration of war. As the President reminded his press conference last week, the United

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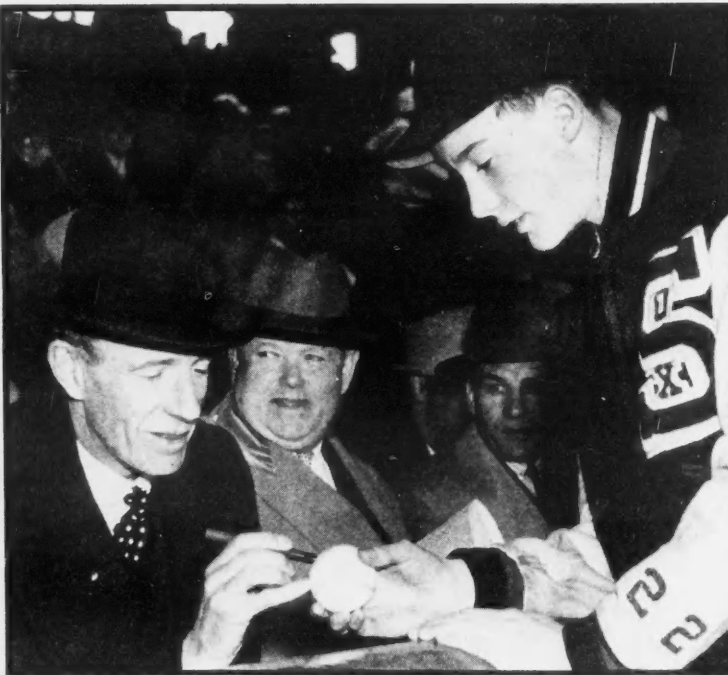
ON APRIL 9, 1ST ANNIVERSARY OF NAZI OCCUPATION OF DENMARK, KING CHRISTIAN WAS GREETED WARMLY BY HIS PEOPLE. RECENTLY THE KING SPIED A SWASTIKA ATOP COPENHAGEN'S CITY HALL, ASKED A NAZI OFFICER TO REMOVE IT, WAS REFUSED. "LOWER IT BY NOON OR I'LL SEND A SOLDIER TO TAKE IT DOWN." "HE'LL BE SHOT," WARNED THE NAZI. "I'M THE SOLDIER," SAID KING CHRISTIAN. THE FLUTTERING SWASTIKA WAS PROMPTLY HAULED DOWN.



HAILE SELASSIE, EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, JUST PRIOR TO HIS RE-ENTRANCE INTO ADDIS ABABA. AFTER A 200-MILE TREK THROUGH MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLE, SELASSIE FOUND AN ITALIAN STONE EAGLE OVER HIS PALACE DOOR. IN A KINGLY RAGE HE ORDERED THE IMPERIAL SYMBOL BEHEADED.



PROFESSOR KARL HAUSHOFER, NAZI BRAINTRUSTEE AND AUTHOR OF THE "LIVING SPACE" THEORY, WHO LAST WEEK WAS REPORTED UNDER ARREST BECAUSE OF SUSPICION HE HELPED ENGINEER THE ESCAPE OF RUDOLF HESS. THE NAZIS DENIED THE NEWS REPORT, SAID HAUSHOFER WAS AT LIBERTY.



LAST WEEK LORD HALIFAX, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S., SAW HIS FIRST GAME OF BASEBALL, AUTOGRAPHED A BALL FOR CHARLIE COMISKEY, 15-YEAR-OLD PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX. OF THE GAME HE ASKED: "IS THE OBJECT TO HIT THE PLAYER WITH THE BALL?" LATER THE FOX-HUNTING AMBASSADOR SAMPLED AMERICA'S NATIONAL DELICACY, A HOT DOG, THEN POKING AT IT WITH ONE FINGER HE ASKED DUBIOUSLY "WHAT'S IN IT?"



ON FEBRUARY 4, 1938, FIELD MARSHAL VON BLOMBERG, GERMAN WAR MINISTER, RESIGNED HIS POST AFTER MARRYING HIS YOUTHFUL SECRETARY WHOM ARMY COLLEAGUES CONSIDERED "BE-NEATH HIM". LAST WEEK CAME THE REPORT FROM TURKEY THAT THE FORMER WAR MINISTER'S PILOT SON, AXEL, ABOVE, HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE RECENT HEAVY FIGHTING IN IRAQ.



THE DUKE OF AOSTA, TATTOOED, UNIFORM-LOVING RECENT OF ETHIOPIA WHO LAST WEEK SURRENDERED THE LAST ITALIAN REMNANT OF THAT COUNTRY TO THE BRITISH. BEFORE LEAVING, THE DUKE VISITED THE GRAVES OF COMRADES KILLED IN ACTION, LAID HIS HAND ON ETHIOPIAN SOIL IN FAREWELL, THEN SUR-RENDERED TO A BRITISH OFFICER WAITING IN HIS CAR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Fourth Commandment

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

Mr. Kimball McIlroy who writes in your issue for May 17 on The Fourth Commandment. Various, might have done a better job had he shown more respect for your readers' intelligence and more knowledge of Sunday law in Canada. He even trots out the moth-eaten cliché about the man who spent a month one Sunday in Toronto. His question: "Is it more holy to spend Sunday afternoon cursing at fellow motorists on the highway, sitting round wishing there were something to do, or drinking at the bootleggers, than to spend it watching or playing baseball?" is rather an indictment of our educational system and general culture than of Sunday observance.

Mr. McIlroy might, before rushing into print, have consulted Sunday law in Canada. A study of the Lord's Day Act would have informed him that there is no prohibition of Sunday sport in the law. Baseball, hockey, tennis, golf, badminton, squash-tennis what you like may be played freely in Canada without fear of being dragged off to the hoosegow by the police. It is possible that Mr. McIlroy mixes up sport with entertainment. That, if carried on to make money, is forbidden by the Act and the prohibition has the approval of the vast majority of people in this country. I think the legislators who drew up that excellent law showed good sense when they enacted that on one day of the week people should amuse themselves rather than paying some one else to amuse them.

Finally Mr. McIlroy confuses the Sabbath with Sunday. The Fourth Commandment enjoined rest on Saturday and not on Sunday and the Sabbath was a holiday for the working classes. Sunday is a different institution.

Edmonton, Alta. CHAS. H. HUESTIS.

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

In an article in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT Mr. McIlroy has advocated the opening of our stadiums and arenas on Sundays for baseball, hockey and rugby games.

It is worth while considering, I would suggest, what England is doing in this regard, remembering at the same time that the demand there for additional amusements in war time is far more urgent than it is, or is likely to be in Canada.

How is England meeting the situation?

There has been no attempt to introduce organized, professional sports, such as those recommended by Mr. McIlroy. Public opinion being what it is, it is highly improbable that any responsible body of citizens would endorse such a proposal.

Sunday evening movies are permitted as a war-time measure, but only under conditions which remove the commercial element. Such conditions are: (1) the local option principle (2) films only of high class, educational character (3) profits to be devoted to war services.

A recent proposal in the House of Commons to legalize on similar terms, Sunday theatres and music-halls was defeated by a small majority in a full house, but with many members abstaining from voting. The motion had the support of Government members, but the division was on non-party lines. Straw votes conducted in various parts of the country by "Gallup" methods were almost universally in favor of the theatres. Nevertheless they are ruled out for the time being.

There is, it will be seen, a big difference between the English restricted concessions and the sweeping innovations proposed by Mr. McIlroy.

Toronto, Ont. H. P. PLUMPTRE.

Order in Council 7440

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

On your Front Page of May 24, in discussing the railway wages conciliation case, you argue that, in the

case of the railway men, it is the wage rate of 1926-29, and not the higher level of August 1938, that should be considered as the basic standard of living which Order in Council 7440 is intended to protect. You then support this contention by referring to the same order in council as saying "that wage rate levels established during the period 1926-29 shall be considered generally fair and reasonable."

Your contention is, I believe wrong, but what concerns me here is that your reference to the Order in Council is definitely inaccurate and misleading. Section 3 of the Order, to which you obviously refer, goes on to say that if higher rates have been established since 1929, these also shall be considered reasonable, clearly envisaging the very type of case you are discussing. Here are the actual words:

"Wage rate levels established by agreement or practice in any industry or trade, nationally or locally during the period 1926-29, or higher levels established thereafter, but prior to the date hereof, shall be considered generally fair and reasonable..." (my italics)

The sentence goes on to deal with abnormal exceptions which are not relevant here. Furthermore, and this removes any possible doubt as to the order's intention, section 2 says:

"Wage rates established and in effect at the date hereof ought not to be reduced by reason of any principle herein set out." (The Order was issued in December 1940).

Whatever may be said for your view that the railwaymen should not get a bonus, it clearly gets no support whatever from order in council 7440, quite the contrary.

Toronto, Ont. G. M. A. GIBBE.

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

WOULD you grant me space to say that we continue to cable money regularly to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, where such fine emergency relief work is being carried on? The gratitude that has been expressed by both recipients and workers is out of all proportion to what we have been able to send over. It seems to me that this would be an appropriate time to remind good friends that anything sent to us here will be well and promptly used at St. Martin's.

(Rev.) JOHN FRANKS.

Holy Trinity Rectory, Toronto, Ont.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

States has twice fought undeclared wars in defense of the freedom of the seas, against the Barbary pirates in the Mediterranean and against French privateers in the West Indies. Avoiding the long and bitter controversy which must necessarily attend a declaration of war against Germany, with the raising of all the bogeys of the last war, all that the President would need is the authority of Congress to "take all necessary measures to secure the freedom of the seas to American shipping."

Under that authority he could take preventive action to see that Martinique did not become a nest for the operations of "French Privateers" in the West Indies. He might attack any "Barbary pirates" which appeared at Dakar or in the Cape Verde, Azores or Greenland. He could institute convoys to the Red Sea or Britain. And he could order American air and sea patrols in the Atlantic and Pacific to sink "pirate" submarines or raiders on sight.

Why shouldn't we introduce a little psychology into our war policy, too, avoid the bogey-word "Conscription" and speak instead of a "Selective Service Draft," which is exactly what we want and implies a fair selection with an element of luck, instead of bleak compulsion?

Why Not a Good Bonfire?

THE city council of Toronto appears to us to have missed a good bet, when it contented itself with merely ordering the library board to withdraw the works of Charles Lindbergh from circulation. This is a mild and undramatic procedure compared with what might have been done. The books should not have been merely banned, they should have been burnt, in the best Nazi tradition. Moreover a really dazzling opportunity for burning them in a spectacular manner was presented, in the shape of the forthcoming Torch Day celebration.

What could be more appropriate for a Torch Day than a good bonfire, and what more suitable material for a bonfire than Charles Lind-

"ON LEAVE"

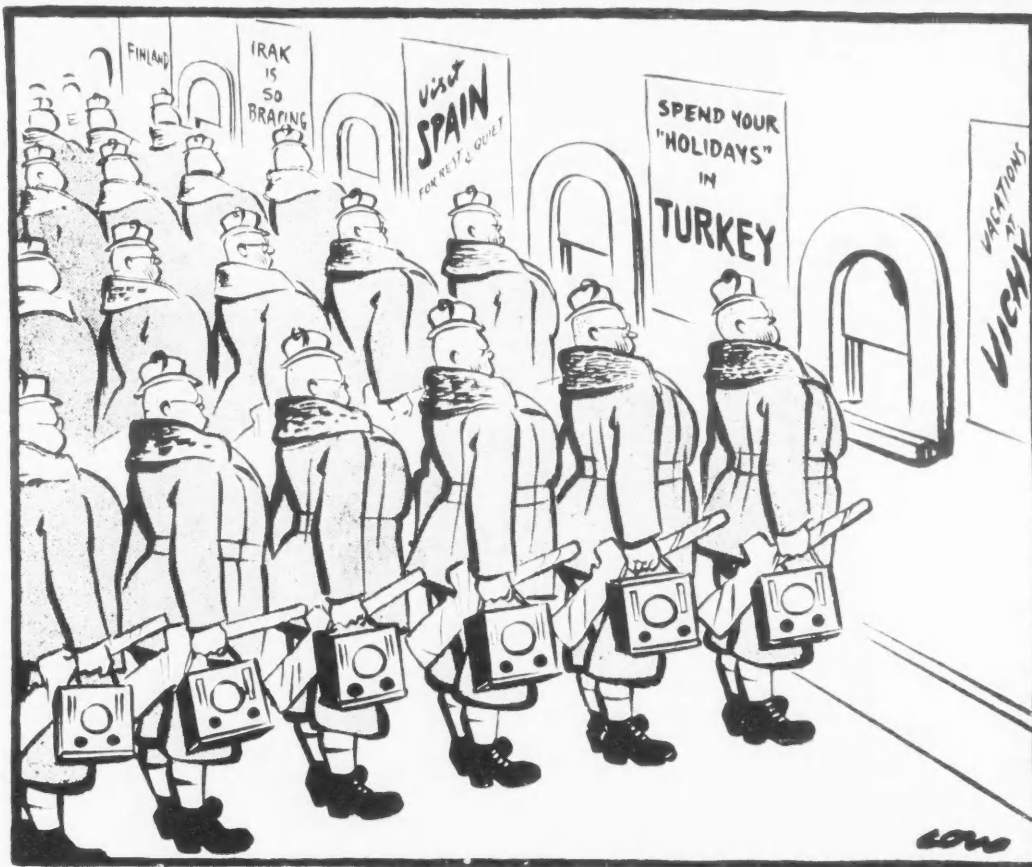
As a traveller lost in some vast plain
And sun-scorched desert, measures sip by sip
His scanty store of water, while the gain
Of each cool draught foretells the future
Of burning thirst unquenched, so do I count
The treasured hours yet left to you and me,
Before you go again; one moment mount
To heights of joy, the next descend and see
The perils you must face, the parting hour
That with relentless feet creeps nearer yet,
But of Beloved, all the garnered flower
Of these blest days shall be an amulet
To ward our hearts against whatever fate,
To you, who serve, to me, who can but wait.

Canary, Alta.

ELAINE M. CATLEY.

boys' works on aviation and exploration, which contain nothing in itself objectionable, since they have nothing to do with that author's views on United States foreign policy, but are scheduled for suppression because they were written by a man of whom the Toronto abolitionists and controllers in common with the majority of the people of Canada, of the United States, and of almost everywhere except Germany, Italy and Japan happen to disapprove rather strongly? Besides, if they are burnt, they will never be able to do any more harm, whereas if they are merely banned they can be unbanned by some future council.

The embers of the Toronto fire could be carried by plane to Ottawa, which has adopted the same half-hearted policy of merely banning, and could there be fanned to activity by waving at them a few copies of Hansard containing the speeches of Mr. Maxime Raymond (after all, we have our own Lindberghs, and we do not see why they should not receive as much attention as the foreign variety); and with a little care it should be possible to keep the flame alight until it can be handed over



NAZI "TOURIST" LINE-UP

to Mr. Churchill with the request that if the British Museum copies happen to have survived the Nazi bombardment they be consumed in the same holocaust.

Seriously, this business of banning books because you do not happen to like the author strikes us as being likely to make the city of Toronto look ridiculous, if it does not meet with general outside approval, and certain to constitute a disastrous precedent if it does. Toronto is supposed to be an intelligent city; what it does is likely to be copied with but little hesitation by Smith's Corners, Ont., and Montgomery's Mills, N.B. The majority of the city council of Toronto is supposed to hold in abhorrence the principle of the Index Expurgatorius, but it is difficult to see how it can go on abhorring it any longer. Mr. Hoover is another good isolationist, though not quite so annoying as Charles Lindbergh; why not put out of circulation his accounts of the relief of Belgium in the last war, his scientific studies, and his biographical works. Is Father Coughlin deserving of no distinction?

The point is, you can't stop at Lindbergh. Either you do ban books by unpopular people, or you don't. If you do, there will be plenty of nominees. The only safe plan, if you believe that bad books destroy themselves and good ones save themselves, is to leave them all to the workings of destiny. Truth will survive and error perish without the aid of the Toronto city council.

Wavell Defines His Job

THAT General is brave indeed who puts his theories of generalship in a form which is available to the public. When General Sir Archibald Wavell undertook to deliver the Lees Knowles Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the spring of 1939, and announced his subject as *Generals and Generalship*, he showed bravery as great as any he has ever shown in the field. Criticism of the publicly expressed theories of military men by their colleagues far surpasses in acerbity the disputes of artists, and almost rivals the wrangling of scientists; military theorists cry, like afflicted Job: "O that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book." General Wavell has written a book; his lectures are now published by the Macmillan Company, and anyone may buy and read them who wants to know what sort of General commands our army in the East.

DO YOUR PART—BUY VICTORY BONDS

"If we judge a country's credit by its ability to face and meet its obligations, we need no further proof that Canada takes second place to no country in the world in this respect." G. W. Spinney, chairman of the Victory Loan executive.

THE PASSING SHOW

A UNITED STATES citizen who enlisted in and deserted the Canadian army three times in the past year has been sentenced to eighteen months. He should be grateful to the judge for making up his mind for him.

The *Saturday Evening Post* has finally altered its policy to favor American war preparations. The editors figure that if the United States is the arsenal of democracy they should be a munitions magazine.

The use of gasoline engines in Germany is strictly controlled by the government. We suspect they are afraid of internal combustion.

The British minister of aircraft production believes that after this war Britain will have to police the world to prevent war. After all, the idea of a British Umpire is nothing new.

A town meeting in Newcastle has urged the British government to "control all fish." But the government perhaps feels that the Royal Navy already has its hands full.

ENIGMA IN EUROPE

At a time like this
Observe the Swiss;
He stands on his Alp
And scorns to cry "Halp!"
When the onslaught is hurled
Will he Tell the world?

Darlan recently said that Petain, faced with a choice between life and death, has "chosen life." With one foot in the grave and the other foot in the gravy.

Hess is still a mystery, but if he proves helpful we think the government should give him some sort of a distinguished fleeing cross just before they lock him up for the duration.

Mr. Ilsley has extended the tax on movies to all "spectator amusements." We want to know what about watching steam-shovels steam-shovel.

A Swiss paper claims that Ismet Inonu of Turkey recently visited Berlin. There has even been some talk of Adolf's returning the visit.

Japan has added flour to its list of rationed commodities. It is sad indeed to think that the Floury Kingdom should come to this.

A member of the House of Commons recently asserted that there are too many lawyers in that body. But we must not overlook the importance of counsel for the defence.

AESTHETIC REVULSION

Once my pleasure
Now a stricture
I pass upon
My calendar's picture:
I'm easy to please
But only a dunce
Could bear that picture
For six more muncie.

Il *Popolo di Roma* said last week that the Axis might attack the Middle East through Russia. They have not yet, however, begun to take the necessary steps.

Edmonton is going to open a branch library in a streetcar. It is expected to be a sort of circulating library or Parnassus on wheels.

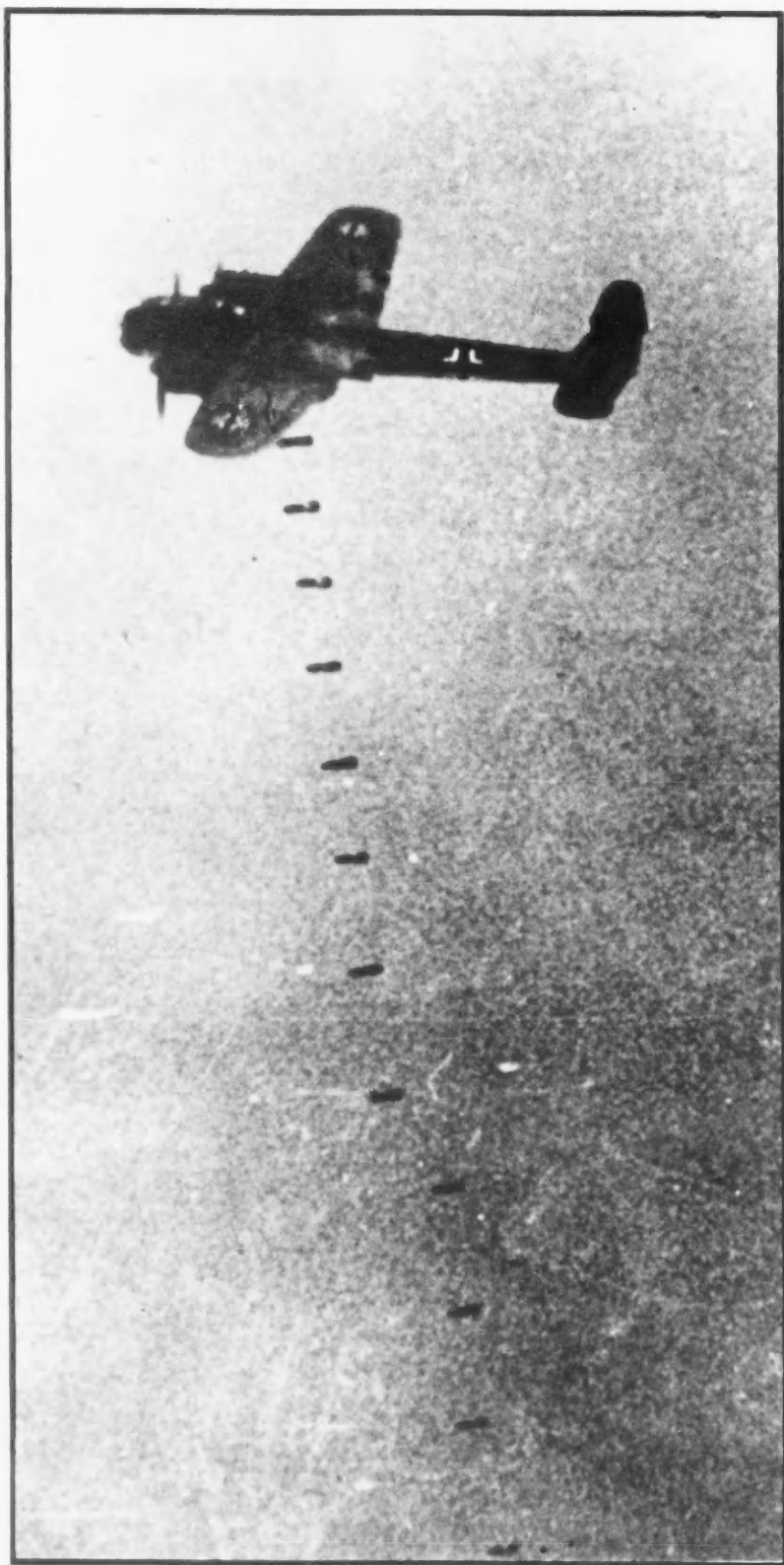
Iceland has decided to end its Royal Union with Denmark. In view of the fact that there's something rotten in the state of Denmark.

Right Honorable Malcolm Macdonald told a meeting of Ontario dentists last week that "there is an ugly and rotten tooth in the mouth of Europe." He might have gone on to say that we should apply a little military drill.

Hitler still has a thousand-year Reich in mind, but the American sporting public is beginning to think of it in terms of three Reichs and out.



A HANDLEY PAGE HAMPDEN BOMBER WINGS ITS WAY OVER THE GERMAN-HELD INVASION COAST. IT HAS A RANGE OF 1,990 MILES CARRYING A 3-TON LOAD.



A GERMAN BOMBER DUMPS ITS LOAD OVER BRITAIN

Briton and Nazi Swap Bombs

BY SEBASTIAN HAFFNER

AIR-TERROR, however prolonged and however intensified, will not break the morale of the British people. Will the Germans stand up to the R.A.F. bombing equally well?

Berlin, until a few nights ago, had only had a foretaste of the real thing. Now Berlin's turn is beginning. How will the Germans like a taste of their own medicine?

Goebbels has made a bad mistake in describing the British as weaklings. Let us not fall into the same error about the German civilians. In many respects they are better protected against air raids than the British. In spite of the bombing most of them feel they are winning the war. And fear of the Gestapo agents in their midst is certainly greater than their fear of the British bombs over their heads.

Let us make no mistake about it. For a time at least, the Germans would face concentrated air attacks not indeed with the defiant courage of the British people, but with their German qualities of discipline and stoicism.

But there is a profound difference between the two countries.

The Germans do not possess the British quality of bringing out their best in an emergency. Their power of resistance is at its highest at the beginning of a struggle, not at the end.

Weakening the Joints

The British may seem outwardly soft, but the core of Britain becomes harder the more one pushes against it. The Germans on the contrary, are like oysters: They have a hard armored shell, but this shell has its joints. Within they are extremely sensitive and malleable. It is just a matter of getting at the weak joints.

The German cities in some respects afford more protection against air attacks than British cities.

They do not consist of streets of little houses without deep foundations, but of big blocks of tenements possessing a roomy cellar fairly deep under the ground. These cellars form natural air-raid shelters for the inhabitants, and the Germans have been trained with great thoroughness to use them as such.

A.R.P. training has been given in Germany since 1933. Berlin had its first black-out as early as March 1935. In 1937, the whole eastern half of Germany was the scene of highly realistic aerial war manoeuvres which lasted seven days, with black-outs, the sirens, and compulsory sheltering during "raids" by night and day.

Each tenement has its air raid warden, who is responsible for seeing

The Germans and British are now swapping bombs. The British buoyed up by their own high morale and unquenchable spirits, have proven that they can take punishment. The Germans, bolstered by victories and fear of the omnipresent Gestapo, show no sign of cracking.

Before bombs will crack civilian morale in Germany, she must suffer military set-backs.

that all tenants go down as told and keep strict order in the shelter. As a result there is no panic.

And the destruction of their personal belongings above their heads does not mean too much to the Germans, since they are accustomed anyhow to losing them in one way or another.

There will be other discomforts, however. In these cellars all the tenants, from a score to a hundred, are crowded together, Nazis with their more or less secret enemies.

There is nothing of that spirit of a happy community, the real "Volks gemeinschaft" which reigns in the London subways and public shelters. Nazi Germany has the word for this spirit, but utterly lacks it in reality; people dislike each other, and distrust each other even more.

There is not only the harmless air raid warden in the shelter to marshal them, there is also the "Block Warden," the man in whose hands lies the "political education" of each tenement, a dreaded official spy.

The Omnipresent Gestapo

And in the more "unreliable" districts—the workers' quarters on the one hand, the upper middle-class ones on the other—there are, as people know, Gestapo agents.

It is impossible to know whether your neighbor is not secretly making a note of everything you say. It is better you keep your mouth shut. That is why Berlin shelters are quiet compared with those of London.

In every house the two political groups—the Nazis and the others—are accustomed to ignore each other with some passion. Now they are all crowded into the same narrow room.

The good Nazis challenge the others with loud "Heil Hitlers," leaving them the choice between the humiliation of saluting back and the peril of omitting the salute.

The Block Warden sits somewhere in the dark, peering around and watching for every careless word, in case he himself gets into trouble; a sharp look at one family who used to be Social Democrats and still hang out only small flags on flag days; he keeps an eye on a second family which has a son in a concentration camp; and on a third which he knows (he knows everything!) still has furtive intercourse with those Jews on the fourth floor. . . . And some Germans still try to bring Jewish children into the shelter!

Quite a few sordid little tragedies and tragi-comedies, quite a lot of hatreds smouldering like incendiary bombs in the well-organized Berlin air raid cellars.

But bombs above will scarcely fan them into a flame.

Those who anticipate that "the Huns will understand the language of bombs" may be disappointed, as the Nazis have been.

The German masses today have as yet no mechanism for giving in, even if they should feel like surrendering.

Bolstered by Victory

Their imagination has been vividly stimulated by the great victories of the summer, and they still see an irresistible Germany, an infallible Fuehrer, a Britain with her back to the wall, able to do nothing but send out bombers as a last futile gesture of spite.

Even those who would like to pin their hopes on those British bombs do not as yet dare to do so. The British airmen come and go again, but the Gestapo stands there by day and night.

To give the bombs moral effect beyond their immediate military value, one has first to tack on that image that sticks in German heads today.

One has to bring it home to them that the tide has turned, that the days of the Blitzkrieg are numbered, that the world is rallying round Britain, and that the bombs which come to Berlin are not an end but a beginning.

At that moment dejection and uncertainty will pass over to the Nazis, and hope and self-confidence to their German enemies. There will no longer be strict order and discipline in the cellars of Berlin and Hamburg, Leipzig and Cologne. There will be a rallying of fronts, uprising, revolt.

The German morale, artificially strengthened by terror, will stand an offensive of mere bombs. It will not stand the combined offensive of the bombs and growing despair.



MARSHAL PETAIN GREETES GENERAL FRANCO ON THE OCCASION OF THE LATTER'S RECENT VISIT TO VICHY. AT THE EXTREME LEFT IS ADMIRAL DARLAN, VICE-PREMIER IN THE VICHY GOVERNMENT AND COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH FLEET WHICH STILL HAS ONE BATTLESHIP, 13 CRUISERS, SOME 20 DESTROYERS, 50 SUBMARINES. DARLAN PUSHED FRENCH-NAZI COLLABORATION STRONGLY.



THE AGEING PETAIN IS GREETED BY CITIZENS OF GRENOBLE. WITH VICHY'S CONSENT, THE NAZIS ARE ALREADY IN SYRIA, EN ROUTE TO IRAQ AND THE SUEZ; HAVE FORTIFIED FRENCH MOROCCO, USING CASABLANCA AS A SUBMARINE BASE; AND ARE IN DAKAR, THE CLOSEST PORT IN EUROPE OR AFRICA TO THE U.S. VICHY HAS ADOPTED A VICIOUS ANTI-SEMITIC RACE POLICY.

Good-Bye To An Old Man

WHEN I read the name Petain I remember a pelican I once saw on the Beach at Malibu.

I noticed this pelican from a distance because of the way he was standing. It is not normal for pelicans to stand with their tails to the sea, and this pelican was thus stationed. The tip of his long beak was resting on the beach, and he was leaning on it as on a cane and surveying a stretch of sand that ended in a high hill.

When I got closer I became aware that the pelican was dying. And I wondered why this bird should spend its last hour looking at a hill. There are no hills in the life of a pelican. Buzzards, kites and crows move like shadows over the hills. The pelican is faithful to the sea.

No duck rides the winds as neatly as this bird. Its life is a sort of carnival in the storm. It is more acrobat than fowl. Wings spread, it sweeps for miles with its long beak dipped in the billows. Or it careens overhead like an old fashioned loop-the-loop bicycle rider. When it sights a fish it stands still in mid-air and then dives as if out of a slingshot.

This pelican, resting like an old gentleman on a cane and regarding an alien hill, heard someone approach. He turned slowly. No fear or confusion agitated his wings. They remained folded. Having turned so that he now faced the sea, he began to move across the sand to the water.

He moved with difficulty, the muscles of his neck were tired, and his heavy beak kept dropping into the sand and tripping him. He stumbled on forward. Once he was thrown to his side. He picked himself up, stood still for a moment, and then slowly extended his wings. I regarded this maneuver with relief, for it seemed that now he would rise

and in a few minutes be soaring off over the bright face of the sea. But the wings dropped back against his sides and he continued to stumble toward the water—on foot.

On this beach there is always a surf running. Some 50 feet out the sea rises into a continuously curving

BY BEN HECHT

wall that topples forward. A rip tide spins the broken wall into foam, and the sea comes white and roaring onto the beach.

Painfully, the pelican came stumbling to the sea edge. Despite his many difficulties there still was no alarm in his movements. There was no distressed flap of wings, nor did he try to scamper or hurry. With an ambassadorial dignity this pelican sat down in the surf. And forthwith he concentrated all his energies on a single project. He devoted himself to keeping his long beak headed into the foaming sweep of the water. Thus headed he was able to ride the rip tide. It was his intention to put out to sea again.

Behind him now was the alien hill full of buzzard and kite shadows. In front of him the familiar sea loomed with its green wall toppling. The surf moved him back and forth as if a string were pulling him swiftly in various directions. But his tired beak remained pointed, now no longer a cane to lean on but a tiller holding him in the wind with all his will lashed to it.

When he had moved nearer the toppling wall and its crash of white spray, the pelican came suddenly to life. His body lifted itself out of the water. He spread his wings and flapped them valorously. He rose an inch and then another inch. For a moment he seemed about to take off, to rise out of the hand of death clinging to him and go soaring away

over breaking billows and into wind-blown spaces.

But heart and wings were not enough. Again the long heavy bill fell forward. The neck muscles had failed. The beak dropped into the water, the head doubled under, and the pelican tripped on a wave as if a string had jerked him out of the air.

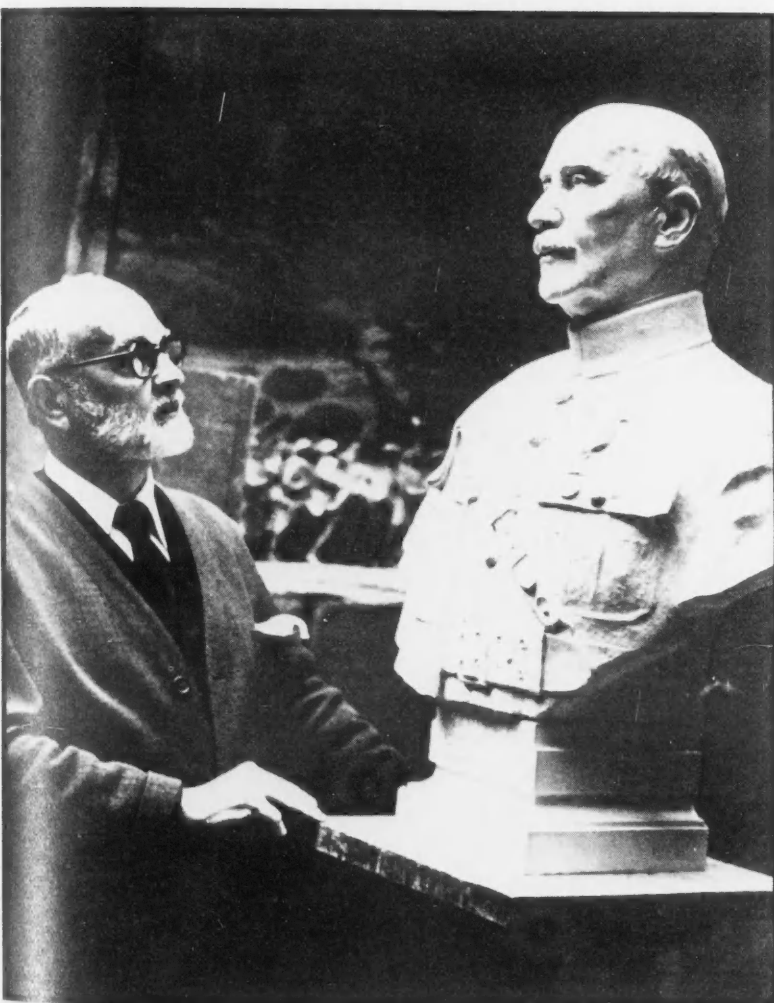
The waves then broke over him. The breaking wall crashed on his body. He vanished and then reappeared. For a long time he floated back and forth on the sweep of the water, but the sea finally disgorged him. He raised himself up on the dry sand and hobbled slowly to his grave. Far from the water's edge he came to a halt, and there he stood regarding the alien hill as I had seen him first.

Then he turned slowly and faced the sea. His beak lowered itself in the sand. He leaned on it a long time and seemed to watch the waves and foam, the wind and rush of water.

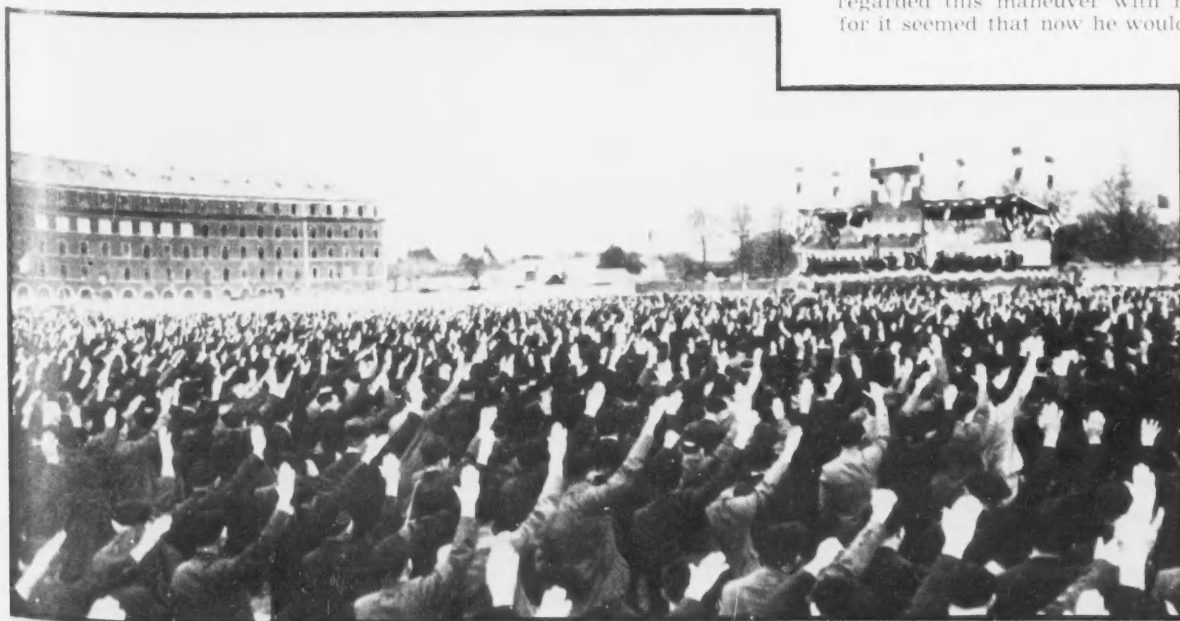
After some minutes he fell to his side and rolled over on his back—dead. The buzzard and kite shadows left the hillsides.

Of all the sea birds, the pelican is the only one who dies on his back with his wings folded. The others—the terns, hell divers and gulls—fall, wings spread, on their bellies and lie in death with their necks bent under outstretched pinions. The pelican with his white belly in the air looks ungallant, but when I saw him later lying that way I remembered how he had stood leaning on his cane and quietly and wearily saying good-bye to his sea home.

And when I read the name Petain I recall the maneuvers of this bird who died on the beach, and the shadows from an alien hill that came drifting over him.



FRANCIS COQUE WITH HIS BUST OF THE AUTHORITARIAN FRENCH CHIEF OF STATE WHICH WILL REPLACE THE BUST OF THE REPUBLIC IN ALL SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS. TWO FASCIST MOVEMENTS IN FRANCE—THE CROIX DE FEU IN 1934 AND THE CAGOUARDS (HOODED ONES) IN 1937 — AIMED AT MAKING PETAIN DICTATOR. HE BACKED FRANCO IN THE CIVIL WAR.



FRENCHMEN AT PAU TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO PETAIN IN WHAT LOOKS LIKE A FASCIST SALUTE. IN A TWO-MINUTE SPEECH LAST WEEK PETAIN DECLARED: "FRENCHMEN: YOU HAVE LEARNED THAT ADMIRAL DARLAN RECENTLY CONFERRED WITH CHANCELLOR HITLER. I HAD APPROVED THIS MEETING IN PRINCIPLE (WHICH) . . . PERMITS US TO LIGHT UP THE ROAD INTO THE FUTURE . . . IT IS NO LONGER A QUESTION TO-DAY OF PUBLIC OPINION, OFTEN UNEASY AND BADLY INFORMED, BEING ABLE TO ESTIMATE THE RISKS WE TAKE OR JUDGE OUR ACTS. FOR YOU . . .



THE FRENCH PEOPLE, IT IS SIMPLY A QUESTION OF FOLLOWING ME WITHOUT MENTAL RESERVATIONS ALONG THE PATH OF HONOR AND NATIONAL INTEREST . . . AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SPEECH, THE WORLD KNEW FRANCE HAD THROWN DEMOCRACY OVERBOARD AND THAT COLLABORATION WITH GERMANY WOULD HENCE BE CLOSER AND MORE APPARENT. ABOVE: PARIS CHURCHES ARE HEAVILY ATTENDED BY UNIFORMED NAZI TROOPS.

ON JUNE 4, 1738, George the Third was born. It was announced last week in New York that the two hundred and third anniversary of that occasion would be marked by the offering, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, of a votive Mass for the British.

As the pieces fall into position in the mosaic wherein, somewhere, is pictured the American scene of today, a design begins to emerge. There is no more cogent focal point from which to trace this design than this glimpse of Archbishop Spellman, spiritual leader of more Irishmen than there are in Dublin, preparing to pontificate at the first Mass ever offered for Englishmen in the cathedral church of his vast diocese.

The United States Awakens

BY GOLDWIN GREGORY

For not only is it significant of the political trend in the United States, by suggesting a reorientation of the traditional and deep-seated distrust which the transplanted Irishman has always nursed against the British, but more significantly it is a milestone in the road which the American people are travelling. For the past year their compelling urge has been material; what, they have asked themselves, is our best course for the protection of our land and possessions? Today, moral and spiritual

values begin to be appraised at their true worth; that the vital principle involved in this war is not of the earth earthy, is a proposition coming more and more to be recognized as true. Day by day the question: What is it *right* that we should do? more compellingly demands an answer, and daily the thought of bankruptcy of the soul becomes more dreadful in the contemplation. There are multitudes who, with Hamlet, now ask themselves "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them?"

SUICIDE, in the abstract, has some attractive features, and is an insidious thing. Many a voyager on that road becomes aware of his destination only as he approaches the end, and nearly always he has chosen his route only because it seemed to lead quickly and easily to better things. Even more facile for peoples than for individuals is the way to the dishonorable death of a nation, for marching as a citizen a man does not travel alone. And, once on the march, the impetus is greater.

IF THE moralizing and the metaphors be forgiven, we might now attempt to trace the development of public opinion in the United States during the past year and observe the transition of the motives behind it. We might also suggest the course which that opinion is likely now to take.

There is no need, for present purposes, to refer to specific events in America following the fall of France and prior to the debate in Congress on the Lease-Lend Act. They followed a pattern and a trend which, when regarded in retrospect, are clear, and in emotional character not dissimilar to feelings experienced in Canada. They were tempered, indeed often predicated, by the news which came from the theatres of war. They took the form of a progressively greater involvement of the United States in the affairs of the warring countries. They steadily negated the idea of any community of interest between the Americas and the Axis powers, and correspondingly asserted the interdependence of the English-speaking peoples. Although the climactic denouement of the drama is yet to come, and its timing and form still unpredictable, the curtain descended on one critical act with the adoption by Congress, as a national policy, of the Lease-Lend Act.

Prior to the crisis that was then resolved, sentiment had had little to do with the shaping of American policy. Traditional and harsh anti-British feeling had indeed been softened by magnificent and generally unexpected British behavior, and admiration for the advance into Libya had put heart into some who feared that British military prowess was a broken reed and not worth sustaining. But by and large the motive for American action was self-interest; the belief prevailed that support of British arms would suffice at least to gain time for the preparation of American defences; if the British could hold out until the two-ocean navy was ready in some years' time they would have served their purpose and done as much as could be expected of them; if they could eventually defeat Hitler so much the better, but it really wouldn't make much difference, for soon America would be safe without them. Old suspicions of British imperial designs did not die, and an England so weakened that its power would pass away along with that of Germany was to many a pleasing prospect. The wider aspects of the war had been realized by only a small proportion.

IF THE opponents of British aid had been content to accept the verdict of Congress, and if British losses in the Atlantic had not been so severe and British reverses in the near East had not been so spectacular, the tone and tenor of American policy might have undergone no great change. The scope and nature, the quantity

An event highly significant in the history of the United States is scheduled for June 4.

It is a symptom of the gradual awakening of that country to gravity of her destiny in the present war.

It is a symptom that the distrust of Britain which has lain deep in the hearts of many Americans is now giving place to a realization that a unified English-speaking effort is imperative.

and quality, of American assistance would probably have widened and increased, and imperceptibly and almost casually a dispassionate United States would have found itself engaged at last in a shooting war. As it is, the second act has opened with a crescendo of alarms, some almost ridiculously incongruous while others seem deliberately muted lest they induce too great a panic. Yet through them all runs a strain so deadly serious that they are indeed few who will now assert that war has not in fact come to America.

Having failed to impose their will on Congress, several senators and representatives undertook to appeal to the passions of their supporters throughout the country. A sample of this appeal is Senator Wheeler's constantly repeated charge that the Administration has embarked on a policy which will lead to the plowing under on foreign soil of every fourth American boy. Pseudo-respectability is lent to the appeal by its proponents accepting the leadership of the former colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, still carried forward on the wave of his earlier popularity. First in "A Letter to Americans" in *Collier's* of March 29, and later in public speeches on behalf of the "America First Committee", Mr. Lindbergh has set out his philosophy. Persuasively, though speciously, he spreads the doctrine of defeatism. The only patently dishonest statement that he makes is to the effect that Britain started the war by a declaration of war which followed the invasion of Poland. Latently dishonest though perhaps "immoral" is a better word is the basis of his whole argument. Britain can't win, so we are doing both her and ourselves a grievous harm by prolonging her agony and meanwhile depriving ourselves of the weapons we send. "I am not my

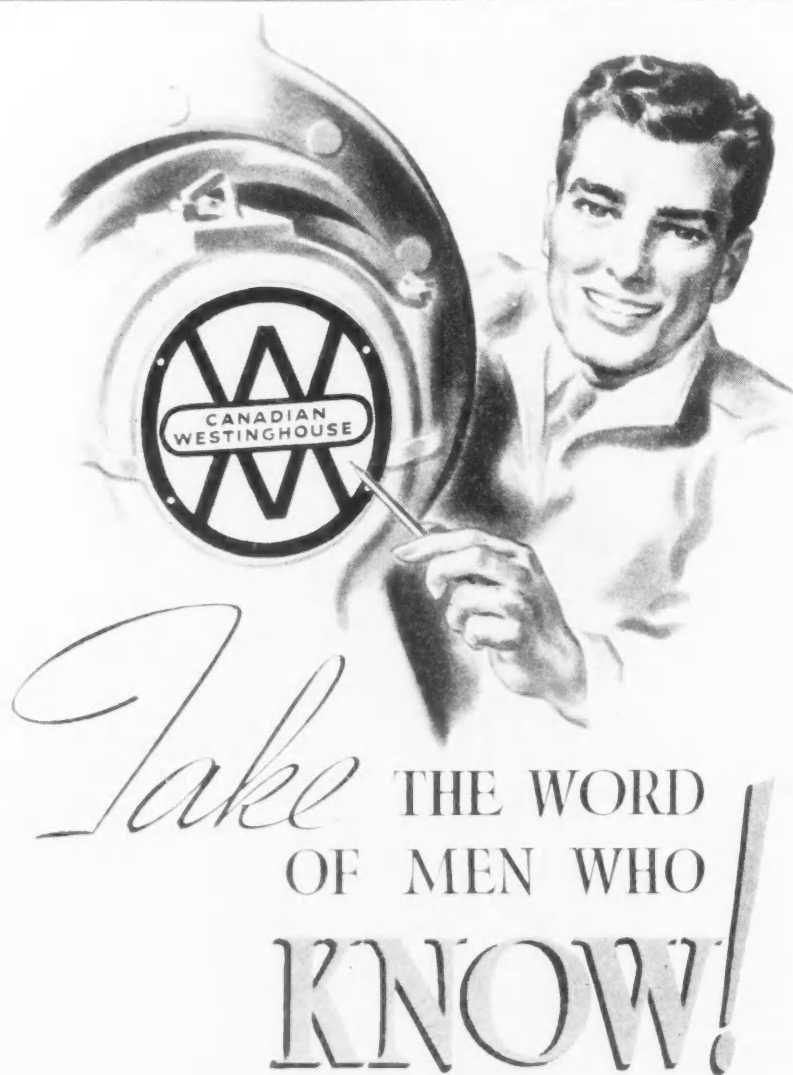
brother's keeper", is the theme of this altruist.

HOW much of the defeatist and isolationist agitation is sincere, how much of it sponsored by Germany, how much of it done in the hope of high office in the administration of a "New Order", it is impossible now to estimate. Dorothy Thompson quite openly charges that Lindbergh is a megalomaniac and is preparing himself for the role of THE MAN, directing the destinies of the Americas in a Hitler-dominated world. Assertions that other isolationists are in the pay of Germany are wildly thrown about. Defeatists sustain their arguments by pointing to the fall of Greece and other British embarrassments, and by pointing out how much worse off is Yugoslavia by reason of refusing to appease. Inevitably, in such an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion, there is a breeding-ground.

At a casual glance the situation in the United States would present an unhappy picture. But the truth seems to be that the opponents of British aid, the would-be saviors of a united democratic effort, the isolationists and the defeatists and the enemy agents, have succeeded in frustrating their own aims. For it is by their efforts more than by all that has been done to counteract them, that the American people have begun to understand the issues involved in the war and to realize that while it might be worth while to fight to save their lands and goods it is much more worth while to fight to save their souls.

A contributing factor should not be overlooked. The communists are ever ready to cause trouble. Capitalizing on the distrust aroused by other anti-British elements, they filtered into the councils of the labor organizations and induced strikes in defence industries. Here again the defeatist attempts backfired, for public resentment was quick and effective and hastened the reappraisal of America's relation to the war which is shifting the emphasis of the national effort from mere defence of America to a dynamic crusade for democracy and decency and a recognition of human and moral and spiritual values.

HENCE it is that the Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral on June 4 is properly a symbol of a changing America; not merely will it signify a diminution of the bitterness of heart of a long-suffering people, but an accretion to Americans at large in the field of human understanding. And with each succeeding day there will come closer the fruits of that victory which will inevitably attend a unified English-speaking effort.



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WORLD OF SPORT

Knaves and the Sport of Kings

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THE horse has been almost entirely supplanted for hauling and carrying in the present war by the tank, the truck, the tractor, and the soldier. The horses thus supplanted are apparently running a none too specific term at local tracks. Some even appear to be still pulling heavy loads.

The horse, however, like any other patriotic citizen, is being allowed to do his bit toward the war effort. A willing, even eager, government has added an extra tax to the sizeable percentage already derived from money wagered by the optimistic at track pari-mutuel windows.

This is entirely satisfactory so far as it goes. People who bet on horse races at the track don't really expect to come home with anything in their pockets anyway, and it is a comforting thought to realize that the largesse distributed in this manner is finding its devious way to Ottawa rather than merely disappearing obscurely into thin air as before.

There is only one catch. The certain small percentage (approximately ninety-nine) of our citizens who are either unable to go to the tracks or unable to bet so large a sum as two dollars all in one place, and yet who don't understand why an all-day job or a small income should make it immoral for them to wager, are torn between having to make imaginary and so highly unsatisfactory bets in the privacy of their homes or making very real bets with some ubiquitous gentlemen who can be found with no great difficulty in every city, town, and village throughout the country.

These gentlemen, though they deal exclusively in books, should hardly be termed bibliophiles. Rather they would prefer to be called servants of the public, serving as they do that large group of small citizens who (a) can't take the time off to go to the local track, (b) can't afford to bet more than fifty cents at a time or, (c) think that better horses are running on a given day at other tracks on the continent.

THE book-making activities of these public-spirited gentlemen are strictly against the law, mainly on the grounds that they deprive the various tracks of their legitimate revenue and the government of its percentage.

The second of these reasons is perfectly valid. They unquestionably do, and it's a very neat trick too. But during wartime, when every penny helps, this is a serious matter. So the police, who in ordinary years are content simply with protecting some, pinching some, and ignoring the others, are making wholesale threats to "wipe out the bookies."

Like the Maginot Line, in theory

this is very, very nice and in practice no good at all. If a large percentage of the citizens demand a certain commodity or service, all the laws and arrests and convictions in the world won't stop them from getting it. And the fact that probably at least ten illegal bets are made to every legal one is proof that the demand exists.

A good government when it wants to collect some money doesn't ask too many questions about where the money came from. It is not considered good taste to do so, because a lot of governments wouldn't want to answer the same question themselves. Money is money, just so long as it is printed on authorized presses or is even a reasonable facsimile of the same. Anyway, the Government has obviously no objections on moral grounds to betting on the races. Which makes betting on the races unique.

There was an old saying about Mohammed and the mountain. The little better won't go to the government, so it seems reasonable and logical to ask why the government won't go to the little better. It isn't far and the little better wouldn't be disturbed. He's reached the point where things the government hasn't got a finger in just don't seem natural to him.

To reach the little better and the little better's pocketbook, the government would save time and trouble by acting through the little better's chosen and accredited representative: in plain words by licensing and bonding bookmakers.

THE present set-up has absolutely no advantages at all to anyone concerned. No one is happy about it. The licensing scheme, on the other hand, has so many obvious advantages that it probably never will be adopted.

In the first place, by licensing the bookmakers and then relieving them of a stated percentage of the money passing through their hands the government would be assured of its just and legitimate income, the better, if the licensing were made selective and non-political, would be protected against dishonest bookies and honest welchers. Also, he would be paid off at the track odds which, such as they are, are still an improvement over what he gets at present.

Bonding the bookmakers would eliminate those who aren't in a financial position to pay off on a big loss and would discourage those who might feel a sudden urge to trip on light fantastic toes to fresh woods and pastures new.

The tracks, of course, would squawk on general principles, but the squawk should only last as long as it took them to learn what every sensible person knows already: that those who can go to the track go to the track, and the others stay home.

IF THE track people are still wondering how to lure the cash customers inside their gates, they might well take a lesson from the enterprising proprietors of California's "Golden Gate" club. The Golden Gate features a three-tiered grandstand seating 13,000, little trains which transport customers to the grandstand from the parking areas, sixteen matched Percherons to drag the starting gate around, and, best of all, a fancy circular cocktail bar overlooking San Francisco Bay. California, here we come!

THE use at some tracks, and the proposed use at others, of motion picture records of entire races provides ample food for intriguing thought. It is, of course, assumed that later developments will include talkies and technicolor.

The suggested purpose of the Turforama, as the device is somewhat whimsically termed, is to ensure honest races. Naturally it will do no such thing. The only way to en-



Crown Prince Tsugunomiya Akihito, heir to the throne of Japan, recently made one of his rare public appearances when he visited the naval base at Yokosuka, and was photographed aboard the warship "Mikasa". The ship is one of those which turned turtle when it was first launched.

sure honest races is to have honest horses and honest jockeys.

This, though, is not to imply that the Turforama is useless. It will have many uses. For example an owner, when taxed as to his reasons for not turning a perennial last place runner over to the glue factory, may reply: "Well, maybe he *doesn't* win any races but, you know, he hasn't got a single bad camera angle."

Again a worried trainer, when some nag under his care has just made an especially poor showing, may borrow the film of the particular race and exhibit it to the horse, patiently pointing out to the horse where it made mistakes and where it can improve its performance next time. The jockey, too, might be allowed to sit in.

Or again a disconsolate bettor, convinced that his horse has just won, may be reassured by the Turforama that the animal, far from being a winner, was in fact still running in the previous race.

The Turforama obviously has many uses. It also has a very pretty name.



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Is Morocco a Pawn in Franco-German Alliance?

BY JACK ANDERS

SEVERAL weeks ago General Franco dismissed his ardently pro-Axis foreign minister Serrano Suner. In some quarters this was regarded as an indication that Franco's Axis enthusiasm was cooling off. At the same time J. Alvarez del Vayo, Spain's last foreign minister, wrote "the decision whether or not Spain will enter the war on the side of the Axis is a decision Berlin will make, not Madrid."

The two views are not so irreconcilable as it looks at first glance. For if one accepts, as does this writer, General del Vayo's opinion as unquestionably sound, one does not deny the possibility that Franco may have changed his thoughts on the Axis. However, what he thinks does not matter at all. He could never pursue an anti-Axis policy. Nor could he pursue an anti-Allied policy. It was he himself who put his country in this hopeless and undignified position.

Both views stated above were expressed before the doddering Petain concluded his latest deal with Hitler. It is possible that Franco's dismissal of Suner foreshadowed the deal. For Spain's attitude towards the Axis must have altered through the new German-French alliance; although, let us repeat, Franco could never dare to make the change manifest.

One of the chief reasons for a change would be Morocco. It is obvious that Hitler, though he was, and is, in the position to give Franco orders without granting him any compensation, has endeavored to keep him in good spirits by promising him part or all of French Morocco. On the other hand, it is not to be assumed that he has now promised Petain Spanish Morocco. For part of Spanish Morocco controls the Straits of

Morocco has cost the Spanish people an enormous amount of blood, tears, and money during the last few decades. They had to spend it because there was no other outlet for the energies of the Spanish army that returned from the Philippines at the end of the last century.

Before the First World War, the struggle for Morocco brought the world several times to the brink of war. In those years private individuals, for the first time in history, claimed that their interests were a national concern.

Gibraltar from the African side, and to acquire that part is not a new Hitler dream, but has been a German aspiration for a long time.

It is therefore timely to pass review of the struggle for Morocco that has been going on with open fury since the beginning of this century. In doing so we will stress two points whose significance is universal, and which have been put into a particularly glaring light in the course of Moroccan developments.

Unemployed Army

When Spain lost the Philippines to the United States a considerable Spanish army returned to the motherland. Neither the internal nor the external position of Spain demanded the maintenance of that army, but it naturally wanted to perpetuate itself, and there was no power in

Spain strong enough to dare to disband it. What aggravated things, was that the returned army, and especially the officers, with the exception of a very few generals, presented an unbelievably sordid picture of inefficiency, corruption, and immorality. As long as no way of keeping them busy was found, they constituted a permanent danger to the internal peace of Spain. But a way of keeping them busy was soon found.

For a long time the realm of the Sultan of Morocco had been crumbling, but its death agony was protracted by the assistance of England which realized that, if the Sultanate fell, France would be its logical heir, and England heartily disliked the prospect. However, when it became obvious that the Sultan and his regime could not be saved, England and France concluded an agreement in 1904 whereby France abandoned all ambitions and influence in Egypt and received a free hand in Morocco.

France granted Spain a zone in Morocco, and gradually the Spaniards took possession. By 1921 they had spread considerably and had some 60,000 soldiers in their zone. About 19,000 of them constituted the field army which was steadily pressing forward into new territory. In July, 1921, the field army was unexpectedly attacked by forces under Abdel Krim and 16,000 of its soldiers were killed within three days by 2,000 native fighters!

The bloody war which ensued lasted until 1926 when Abdel Krim, who in the end was injudicious enough to take on the French, in addition to the Spaniards, was defeated. Thereafter the Spaniards held the Moroccans down with iron force, and how well they succeeded can be seen from the fact that Franco launched his insurrection from Morocco.

During the First World War the Germans made enormous efforts to undermine the French rule in French Morocco. Their propaganda and arms traffic were openly operating from Spanish Morocco. They worked so effectively that the French had a hard time to prevent uprisings. On the other hand, everything was so quiet in Spanish Morocco that the Spaniards went on without hindrance extending their territory.

German Gold

The reason for the different behavior of the native peoples in Spanish and French Morocco was German gold. The natives in the Spanish territory were so busy and contented to work for the Germans that they did not, or would not, notice the steady Spanish expansion. One of the Arab leaders who worked for Germany and her gold was Abdel Krim. It was a personal affair which made him turn against the Spanish in 1921: they imprisoned his son for reasons not quite established.

At this point we can sum up our first lesson. At the root of the evil that has happened in, and emanated from, Morocco during the last four decades; at the root of the possibility that difficulties may arise for us any day now in Morocco, lies the fact that Spain would never have dreamed of going into that country, had she not had the unemployed army from the Philippines (and Cuba). Of course, it is true that the consequences of that fact might have been greatly mitigated if British and French diplomacy had been more far-sighted than they were.

By 1918 we had forgotten the Moroccan lesson. By 1930 we had forgotten the lesson of 1918. There was nothing wrong with Versailles, many of us said. There was much wrong with it. Versailles did not go to the roots. We forced upon the Germans an army of only 100,000 men. But we left them with the generals of a 10 million army. We let the militarists, the drummers and drillers, loose on them and did not realize that it would be a miracle if a defeated people would not succumb to them. Shall we learn the lesson this time?

Now to the second one which Morocco can teach us. In 1912, the

Sultan, whose country was completely exhausted by civil wars, applied to the French for assistance. Morocco's independence was ended: she became a French Protectorate.

Some years before that, in 1908, the Sultan felt that he needed a new harem, but he had no money for it. So he took a loan from two German captains of industry, the brothers Mannesmann, and, in return, gave them enormous mining concessions. But under the agreement of 1904, to

which the Sultan was not a party, the French Government had already given the concessions to a French syndicate which had sold shares to British, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Belgian, Luxemburg and German interests. All of them, when suddenly the Mannesmanns appeared on the scene, expected their governments to go to war to protect their sacred (mining) rights. For two years, on and off, there was actual danger of war over this affair.

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THE EIGHTH DECENNIAL

Census of Canada

June 2, 1941

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IN these days of increasing Government responsibilities, no Government can give the best service unless it has detailed and accurate knowledge of the people and their varying circumstances. That is why we request the co-operation of all Canadian citizens in the taking of the Census. When the Government's Enumerator calls at your door, receive him courteously and give him all the information for which he asks.

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Issued by authority of The Honourable JAMES A. MacKINNON, M.P., Minister.

DOMINION BUREAU OF STATISTICS - DEPT. OF TRADE AND COMMERCE



A Man From the Nashwaak

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

BACK in August of 1914, suddenly, overnight, spurts and clouds of dust arose across Canada, from sea to sea; for Mother England had declared war on Germany and, as if with the same voice, Canada had offered a division to the King and every militia colonel had started shouting for his adjutant and his company commanders. Bands played and pipes skirled and startled moths filled the air in quartermasters' stores. Among the first dust-raisers were the farm lads and white-water boys of the Stanley Company of the York Regiment who, under Lieutenants Sansom and Kelly, marched to Cross Creek and came the rest of the way down the Nashwaak Valley to Fredericton by train.

Ernest W. Sansom was then twenty-three and looked even younger. His cheeks were round and rosy, his eyes were steady and clear and his brow was open. He was at once shy and friendly. His manners were noticeably good and attractive even in such engaging company as that of his brother officers. He was a country boy. Instinctive good manners are general in our truly rural communities. Swaggerers and blusterers are marked men on our farms and in our woods, with public opinion quiet-

General Sansom—who, since the writing of this article, has taken on the command of Canada's first armored division—had soldiering in his blood when he was born.

He was a subaltern in a New Brunswick militia regiment when the Great War started, went overseas with the 12th Battalion, learnt all about machine guns, headed a machine gun training school and was appointed to command the machine guns of a division in France.

He came out of that war a lieutenant-colonel, continued his soldiering in peace-time, and is now rising to new heights in this war.

ly, even covertly, against them; and if they are wise they move into the nearest town. Ernest Sansom was a country boy in enjoyment of all the advantages—some of them fairly rigorous—of a rural New Brunswick boyhood. He was schooled in Stanley as far as schooling went in that village, and then in Fredericton for a time. He went West to harvest wheat and remained there a year or so to survey land. Upon his return to the Nashwaak Valley he was gazetted to the Yorks, a militia regiment in which his father had served and his maternal grandfather, John Howe, had been an outstanding figure for generations.

Howe of Stanley

If a Book of New Brunswick Worthies is ever compiled, Major Howe of Stanley will have a chapter in it. Here I can give him but a paragraph, and this simply as an illuminating ray upon his distinguished grandson's native character. He was a farmer for a living. He was a politician as a matter of principle evidently, for he gathered few, if any, political rewards. But he was a militiaman for love. His father, a retired English army officer, had come to New Brunswick to the lure of cheap land, with the pleasant notion of being a country gentleman on the fatness thereof and what was left of whatever sum he had sold out of his regiment for. Actually, he became a hard-working farmer of necessity and a militia officer because that sort of thing was in his blood.

At Valcartier, and as a lieutenant in the 12th Battalion ("The Dirty Dozen") through the distressful winter of 1914-15 on Salisbury Plain, E. W. Sansom worked hard and seriously; but when the battalion understood at last that the grinding of bayonets was just to throw dust in their eyes, and that they were certainly slated for the reserve brigade, Sansom and a few more tried to wangle into other outfits. But in that they failed. There were no vacancies. Everyone seemed to want to be among the first to get killed.

The Studious Two

Soon after the departure of the division for Flanders, twenty subalterns from the Canadian reserve brigade were sent to Harrogate, in Yorkshire, for a course of instruction in what was officially designated by the War Office as "Open tactics." The Harrogate School of Open Tactics had an attendance of hundreds of junior officers from every corner of the British Isles and of the Empire at large, who were billeted in twin-bedded rooms in the grand hotels of that famous spa. Of the twenty Canadians, four were from the 12th. Every night after dinner, eighteen Canadians went out and around about in the pursuit and exercise of diversions which probably called for tactics even more open than those of the day's duties and instructions, while two sat in their

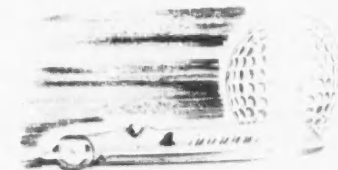
room and conned their books. The studious two were Sansom and his room-mate. The room-mate found himself in an irksome and somewhat delicate position, for he was not to step out and see the town. Ernest Sansom been his own age, or even by any number of years, he would have either dragged Sansom out or left him to study alone. But Sansom was the younger by thirteen or fifteen years; and though life, nature and history offer us many vivid instances of resistance against the good examples of our seniors, little is known and less has been written in support of opposition to good examples set us by our juniors. So these two sat in and conned their books until, in the course of time, the truth dawned upon him that each had mistaken the motive of the other's exemplary behavior, that young Sansom had been sitting at home in respect for the example of his senior even as the other had sacrificed himself to the example of his junior. So they rectified the mistake by stepping out together.

O.C. Machine Guns

For a time it looked as if the scheme of things was set against Ernest Sansom's career on the actual field of honor. Still detained in England, he was told to train machine-gunners—just like that! He taught himself about machine-guns and set to work—so successfully that he could not pry himself loose from his machine-gun school until along in 1916. Then, still a lieutenant or with his third pip very new, he got to France; and there friend and foe alike soon became aware of his presence. It was sometime in 1917 that I rode a number of crooked miles to dine with him; and there was Major Sansom, O.C. the machine-guns of a division, giving his guests and his headquarters staff a wonderful time.

Ernest Sansom came out of that war a lieutenant-colonel and joined our regular, or "permanent," military establishment, since when he has taken every job of work and tour of duty, including Staff College, in an easy and cheerful firm and well-considered stride. But his peace-time progress, and his services to date in this war at General McNaughton's right hand, in temporary command of Pearkes's brigade, in command of the contingent in Norway, and at London Headquarters until he was called home to take command of our Third Division, do not fall within the purpose or limitations of this paper.

NORTH BRITISH SUPERCHARGED



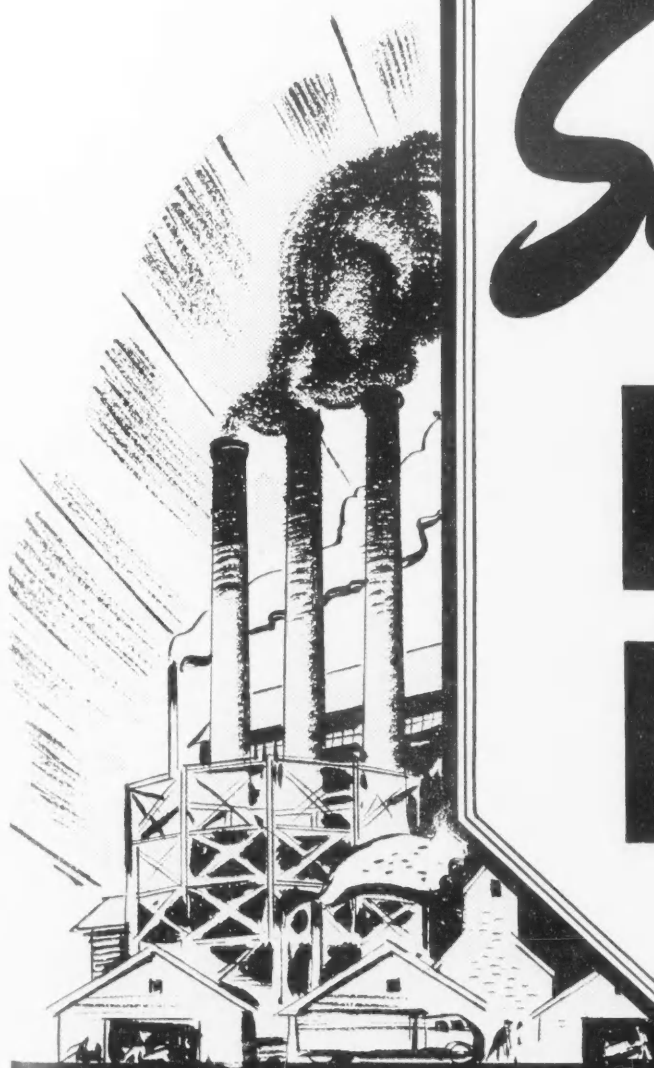
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THE HITLER WAR

The Battle of the Eastern Mediterranean

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

SOME weeks ago I hazarded an outline of the Nazi plan for the "next 100 days." Developments since then have rather seemed to confirm it as a basis for judging how the war is going. I suggested that while seeking first to disintegrate and then smash our position in the Middle East, Hitler would intensify the Battle of the Atlantic by gaining new bases in Dakar, the Cape Verde, Azores or Iceland. Then, if the shock of the defeat in the Mediterranean and the strangulating pressure on her life-line had sufficiently weakened Britain, would come the great invasion attempt, with Germany's new plane models trotted

out for the occasion.

I have wondered since, whether, considering the pace of events in the Middle East, the Germans could really be operating on such an ambitious time-table. Would they not content themselves for this year with

conquering the Mediterranean and Middle East, securing a solid grip on Russia and spreading all through French Africa? This would ensure them resources which would to a large extent counter-balance those thrown onto Britain's side by the United States.

But every time one thinks of American intervention, that gigantic plane production comes to mind, developing far beyond Hitler's reach, capable of being delivered to Britain in spite of his U-boats, and threatening to turn all his conquests to ashes by smashing his home front next winter. Every time one comes back to the conclusion that Hitler must and will try to strike down Britain this year.

From this point of view, I believe that the development of the war during the past few weeks gives ground for confidence. The German time-table has been thrown badly out of joint, first a week by the coup in Yugoslavia, then another two weeks by the prolonged resistance in Greece, and still more by Tobruk and Crete, so that we have had time to repair the damage of the early defeats, and the Iraq revolt, timed according to the original plan for the beginning of April, threatens to fizzle out before the Germans can bring proper support to it.

Apparently the Nazis find that it is too long a hop from Rhodes to Syria for practicable air transport operations, and too risky to proceed on a large scale without first reducing the threat to their rear in Crete and Cyprus. The fact that they have stopped to do this would seem to indicate that they don't expect to obtain right of way through Turkey for some time and count on operating for the present from Greece to Rhodes, Rhodes to Cyprus, and Cyprus to Syria and Iraq.

Affect Whole Strategy

Besides securing their line of transit to Syria, the seizure of Crete and Cyprus would have a profound effect on the whole strategy of the Eastern Mediterranean. With Alexandria the two islands give us a strong triangular position in that sea. Loss of Crete would bash the triangle in, and deprive us of an outpost which covers Alexandria and our naval operations along the whole Egyptian and Libyan coasts. It would hand the Germans a forward base from which to hamper these operations and threaten Alexandria. If the Germans were to follow with the seizure of Cyprus our position all along the Egyptian and Levant coast would lie bare to their attack, and the front door of Syria, now barred to Nazi shipments of heavy equipment, would have been pried open. Our naval control of the Eastern Mediterranean wouldn't be completely broken, but it would be seriously weakened.

The decision may have been reached in the fight for Crete by the time these words are read. Not that the fighting will necessarily be over, but it ought to be clear by the end of the week which side is going to win. If our troops can hold on and win and our ships keep the seas off a hostile coast, without local air support, then they will indeed have made modern military history. But there is a limit to human endurance and to the naval losses which we can afford. Unless we can re-establish fighter support for them at one of the Cretan aerodromes it seems impossible that we can prevail.

That our men have fought on so long with the air above them constantly filled with enemy planes machine-gunning their trenches, dive-bombing their artillery positions, bombing their supply dumps, headquarters and hospitals, is something which the Germans at least didn't expect. With their worship of air power they seem to have counted on

getting the upper hand in a couple of days, and at the end of last week showed their fury at having their time-table upset and such heavy losses inflicted on their air-borne divisions, by a ferocious bombing of the three chief Cretan cities. Whenever the Nazis are held up they turn to this, as at Warsaw, Rotterdam, London.

Meanwhile, as an example of just how much air power can achieve all by itself, the Cretan campaign is providing fascinating material for military students—and for none more interested than the defenders of Britain. How many men can be landed, in what space of time, in the face of a vigilant defending force? What proportion of loss in men and machines is the airborne invader likely to suffer? How long can the air troops hold out, with little or no shelter, while waiting for the arrival of heavier material and reinforcements by sea? And how large a force can be fed and supplied with the large amounts of ammunition required by modern quick firing



The British battle cruiser "Hood" which was sunk off Greenland by the German battleship "Bismarck" late last week. Early this week the "Bismarck" was sunk by aerial and naval forces 400 miles west of Brest.

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artillery and automatic weapons, all by air transport?

If it doesn't appear feasible to re-establish fighter forces on Crete—and it would probably require 8 or 10 squadrons to defend the 'dromes and beat off the Germans, who are not going to give up this thing easily—then it is to be hoped that we will take advantage of the present Nazi preoccupation to strike a shrewd blow elsewhere. With the situation in Iraq coming along fairly satisfactorily, what is crying out to be done is the occupation of Syria. There are doubtless great difficulties to the operation, and many demands on our forces elsewhere. But if we don't do it now, we shall only have to do it under far worse circumstances when the Germans move in.

So far, though their military missions are in control of the administration and they probably have ground staffs at the various aerodromes, there has been no report of German troops in Syria and the rumors that their heavy equipment is already being shipped in through Turkey are open to doubt. But we wait. We have been waiting ever since last June and the operation has become steadily more difficult. Caution and conservatism still seem to cramp our military conduct in an age when speed has become the essence of success. Consider, for instance, how long it would have taken the Germans to move 35 miles from Falluja to Bagdad against the Iraqi Army.

The desertion of the well-known Colonel Collet and units of his Circassian Cavalry, and of fighter pilots whom the Vichy authorities have sent up to intercept the R.A.F., but who have joined them and returned with them instead, shows that there are many French in Syria who may have been able to stick capitulation but can't go "collaboration." If we marched in, I believe that we would find that the French Army cannot put its heart into fighting for the Germans and would collapse very quickly.

The French Navy is a different story. It nursed a grudge against us for insisting at London in 1930 on restricting it in relation to the Italian Navy. There was jealousy at being placed subordinate to British command. Since Oran and the seizure of French ships at Alexandria and in British ports, this feeling has become open hatred, as we learned at Dakar last September. The French Fleet, too, is Darlan's fleet; he has had charge of the promotions for many years.

Look to Germans!

Just what reception we would receive from the Syrian natives is another question. Of a full score of sects and racial groups, the Arab nationalists are the most active and important. Observers arriving in Palestine last summer said they would give the British an overwhelming welcome. All they have wanted for years is to be rid of French rule, which they have resisted ever since Feisal established in Damascus by the brilliant campaigns of Lawrence and Denby, was driven out by French arms in 1920. British and French Arab policy has been opposed and envenomed ever since.

But it is said by more recent travellers from Syria that pro-British sentiment there has turned sour through disappointment during the past year, and that the Arabs now look to the Germans to give them their independence. (What a hope!) In any case, in view of the economic misery of the country and the turbulent nature of the Syrian Arab, the Nazis will probably be able to buy large numbers of Arab mercenaries there for trouble-making throughout the Middle East.

If Syria remains a wide-open hole in our Middle Eastern Front, the situation in Iraq appears to be steadily improving. In default of general support from the populace, aid from Moslem neighbors, and above all, adequate military support from Germany, Rashid Ali's revolt seems to be petering out. There have been reports that Rashid Ali and his "ministers" have left, or are preparing to leave, the country. The rebel Iraqi troops have failed in their main efforts, to eject us from Hab-

banyah and Basra; our entry into Bagdad appears imminent; and the Regent and the former Premier, General Nuri Said, have returned to the country to re-establish a popularly-supported pro-British government.

That will leave us to clean up the remaining rebel forces between Bagdad and Basra, and the German foothold in the Mosul region. The latter won't be easily done unless we first clean up Syria. As to the oil installations—they will probably be dam-

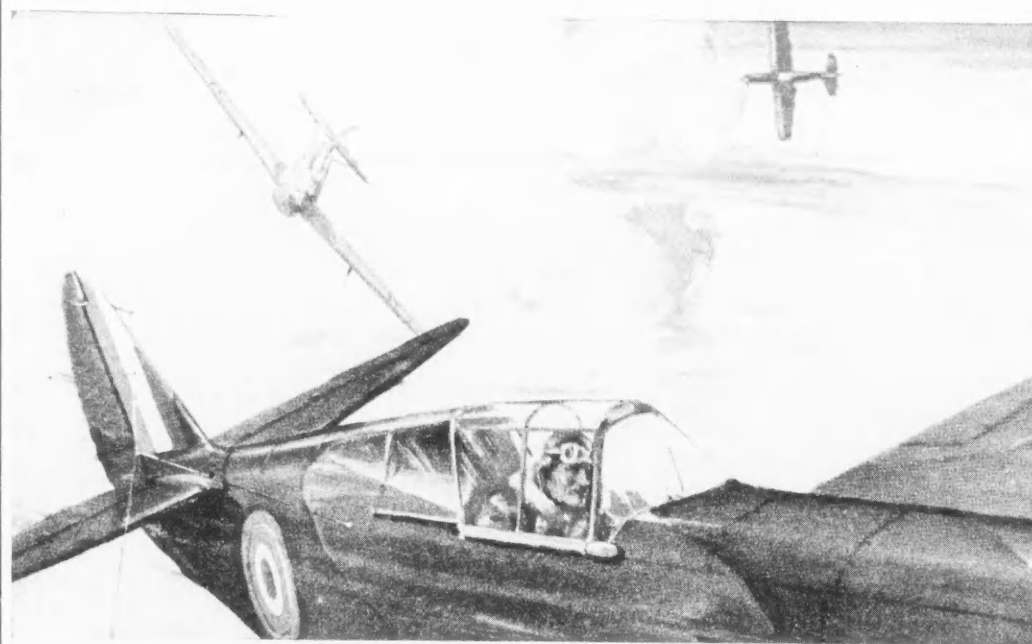
aged for the duration. But even if we had held the oil fields the Germans would have had mercenaries constantly breaking and firing the long pipe-line to Palestine, while one large-scale bombing raid ought to have settled the refinery and large storage tanks at Haifa. Otherwise, I imagine the Germans hoped to retain these largely undamaged for their own use.

Most satisfactory of all is the situation in the Western Desert, facing

the main German drive on Suez. Seven weeks this drive has now been halted at the Egyptian border, and the date put out by the German propaganda for its arrival in Alexandria has been shifted from May 1 to June 1, and now speaks of August 1. Hitler is losing irreplaceable time down here while American intervention grows steadily, not only in this theatre, with shipments direct to the Red Sea and a constant stream of planes being ferried from West

African points across the Free French and British territory to Egypt, but more particularly in the British Isles.

If Crete and other positions are to be lost in the essentially rear-guard action of the next few months, let it be remembered it is because the British leaders refuse to weaken the main citadel, upon which everything depends and from which all Europe, Africa and Asia can be reconquered.



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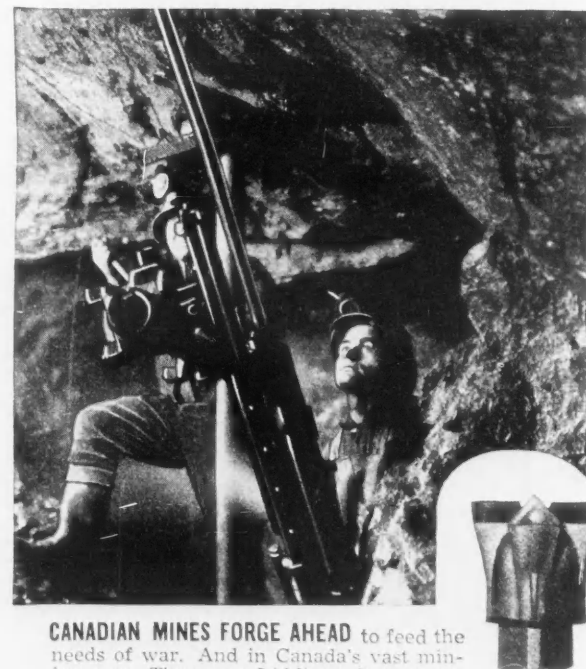
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2-41

Luscious Plums for Hitler

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

The Axis is preparing to use Spain as a springboard for an attack against Gibraltar, a pathway to French Africa, and as another base for operations in the Battle of the Atlantic.

However the situation within Spain is so critical that Madrid hesitates to cast its lot with Hitler and Mussolini. The removal of rabidly pro-Nazi Falangist officials and army leaders from their posts indicates that General Franco may attempt to avoid actually entering the war, while assenting to the passage of Nazi troops toward Gibraltar.

In either case the people of Spain, strongly anti-Nazi, are likely to prove a serious obstacle to Axis plans.

DESPITE the fact that victory in Greece has opened the approaches to Suez, the Near East and the East, the Axis must soon be expected to strike at Spain. For the Axis' war has not been won in Greece; nor can it be won except in the West, on the Atlantic Ocean, in England. The West alone holds the key to victory. The Axis strategists understand full well that to win they must prevent American help from reaching Britain and must defeat by invasion or starvation or both the civilian and military armies of the British Empire on home soil.

Even such world-shaking victories as the capture of Iraq and Iran oilfields and of the Suez Canal could not give victory to Hitler. Therefore we must expect the Axis partners to direct at least part of their attention elsewhere, as if proving thereby that the war in the Balkans was more in the nature of a gigantic feint or perhaps, flanking manoeuvre. In fact, in the beginning of spring, the Nazi press warned us of this. "The major thrust of the impending offensive," we are told, "would be so disguised by a number of feints that its power and direction would not be perceived until it was too late."

Two unoccupied territories remain in Europe from which the Nazis can reinforce their sea, air and undersea warfare against British-bound shipping. One is the Iberian Peninsula—Spain and Portugal. The other, Ireland.

Control of Spain almost automatically assures domination of Portugal. From Spain, overland and air attacks against Gibraltar can be launched. From Spain, also, by means of bombers and long range artillery (said already to have been installed) the Straits of Gibraltar can be closed even without the reduction of the fortress. Spanish acquiescence or support, when obtained, is certain

to permit the Axis to establish new submarine and aviation bases along the northwestern coast of the peninsula and along the southern coast near Gibraltar. Such bases can bring about the extension of cruising distances of Nazi surface, submarine and air raiders and may permit more intensive warfare against shipping from Latin America, Africa, Australia and the West Indies. This would especially endanger the vulnerable shipments of oil to Britain from Trinidad, Venezuela and Curacao. In addition, should Spain join the war on the side of the Axis, Italians will obtain control of the Balearic Islands, the Mediterranean keys to the Straits of Gibraltar.

In the Atlantic, control of Spain would greatly reinforce the Axis also in ways other than those already mentioned. Bases would almost certainly be established in the Canary Islands, which are already being fortified by Nazi engineers, and along the African coast of Tangiers, Spanish Morocco and Rio de Oro, thus bringing the Nazis to a point only 2,000 miles from South America and but a short distance from the port of Dakar in French West Africa.

Finally, should the Axis manage to win support of Portugal, or simply invade the little kingdom, it might also succeed in seizing the Azores, unless of course the British or Americans get there first. The Azores can be made to dominate all major central Atlantic traffic lanes.

in Spain. They are also the hope of anti-Nazi struggle. A part of the people has been defeated but not won in the bloody Civil War. That the defeat has been facilitated by the democracies, including ourselves, they remember, and that memory remains within them determining their attitude to the war. The other part of the people supported the victorious Franco side, but the loss in terms of hunger and misery has been just as great.

Loyalist struggle is still continuing. Guerilla troops are reported to be operating in the Asturian hills. "Paris three weeks, Madrid three years!" Catalan laborers shouted a few months ago at a car in which an American correspondent was touring their province. They roared with laughter when told of Il Duce's defeats in Libya. "Guadalajara! Guadalajara!" they cried, referring to the ignominious rout of the Italians during the Spanish Civil War.

That the Government fears the people is demonstrated by continued persecutions of the malcontents. Here is what Rene Batigne reports in the *New York Times* concerning this: "Jails are jammed with prisoners and the country is going through an era of terror. Every day some prisoners are sent before the firing squad and of those who are liberated many disappear. Tortures are inflicted on women and men, before

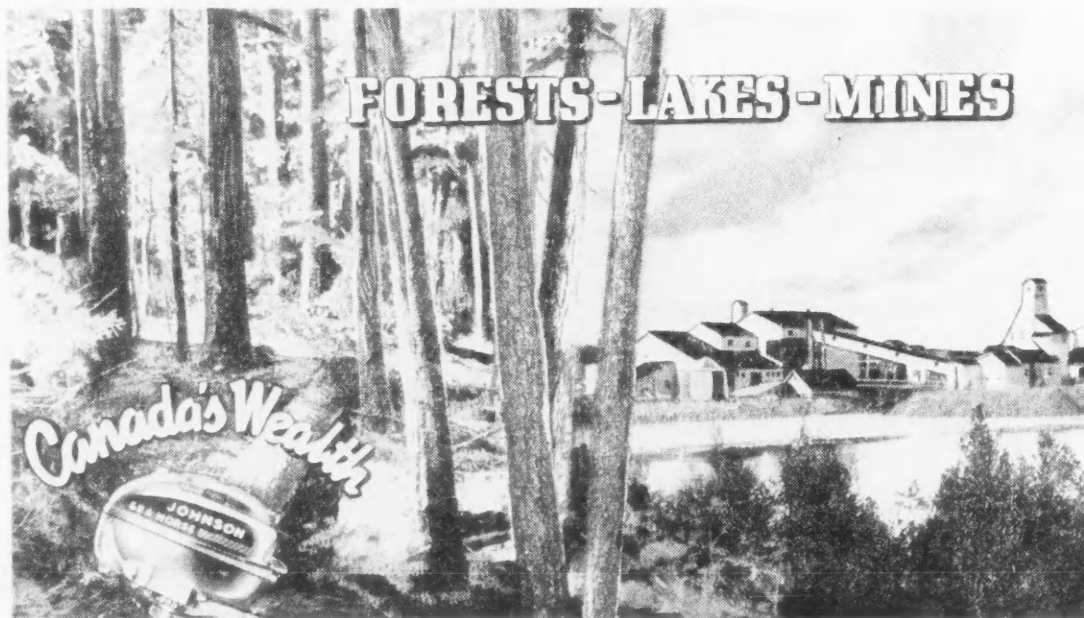
Intensive Struggle

This situation explains the intensive struggle, now reaching its apex, between Britain and the United States on the one hand and Germany and Italy on the other for greater influence over Spanish foreign policy.

Ever since the beginning of the war the British Government (with Washington's aid) has pursued a policy designed to keep the pro-Axis, but as yet non-belligerent, Spain from actually entering the war. The British ambassador to Madrid, Sir Samuel Hoare, did yeoman work in this, profiting by his appeasement-days contacts with the Franco regime. In order to take advantage of relatively free passage through the blockade of food and raw materials and of more or less direct monetary subsidies from Britain, Spain has chosen even to this day to maintain an appearance of aloofness from the conflict. However all indications suggest an approaching change.

No one can say how long Spanish non-belligerency will continue. But with every new day it becomes more generally believed that Franco and his government have long since accepted tasks assigned Spain by the Berlin strategists of the Nazi European Order. The Marquess de Aguiar, agent in the United States of Monarchist and Catholic groups in Spain, told the State Department at Washington on May 19, 1941, that Hitler and Franco signed a pact on October 8, 1938 under which "Hitler was given power to direct Spain's national and international policies." Thus it is not entirely to British and American efforts that one must credit Spain's present non-participation in the war. One must attribute this also to another factor, one which can not be controlled by Berlin, and which we are quite prone to neglect in this age of tank and plane—the Spanish People.

The Spanish people are the nightmare of the Axis and its assistants



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the eyes of their parents or children, to obtain confessions of political crimes. (A current torture is the application of electrodes on the breasts of women). Whoever is called to the Segurida is considered lost, for there is no telling if and when he may be released. The number of victims is increased as Petain's France surrenders more and more loyalist refugees to Madrid.

Nor is Franco's position strengthened by the deterioration of the food situation, which is worse now than it had been in Loyalist Spain during the Civil War. "The Republicans had no ships," the embarrassed Fascist press explains to the populace, which does not fail to note that France's current Axis friends have neither food nor ships to spare. "In most things in fact," writes another *Times* correspondent, Thomas J. Hamilton, "Spain is worse off today than a year ago."

In many sections of Spain, starvation is rampant. Wheat production which in 1938 was less than half that of 1935 and only reached 3,042,000 metric tons in 1939, is still more than one and a quarter million tons short of requirements. Wheat or rye bread is unavailable. What there is is a horrible concoction of ground chick peas, mixed with barley, rye and other cereals. The result is a bread having the consistency of concrete. As a sop to the poor they are allowed five ounces of this dubious product per day. The rich (those having an income of 900 pesetas, \$45, per month) are only allowed three ounces since they can purchase luxury articles with which to supplement their diet. Distribution of wheat has been further complicated by red tape, graft, Nazi chiseling and inadequate transport.

Civil War's Effects

Everything that's needed is rationed and everything that's rationed is bootlegged.

The country is poverty-stricken. Ruins of the civil war are in evidence everywhere. In Madrid where more than 12,000 buildings were destroyed during the Civil War, little repair work has since been done. Railways, rolling stock, highways and motor vehicles remain in a full state of disrepair. It was revealed recently that 27 per cent of the railroad locomotives, 22 per cent of the freight cars and 61 per cent of the passenger cars were lost during the Civil War. In a desperate attempt to improve the situation the Government has now taken control of the railways.

Lack of capital, the flight from Spain of more than 200,000 skilled workers and technicians, now scattered throughout the world, the continued imprisonment of other hundreds of thousands, hinders any plan for reconstruction.

The exchequer is bankrupt. During the three years ending August 1939, Spain spent 12,000,000,000 pes-

etas (valued at 5 to 10 cents each according to exchange fluctuation) while revenues were only 3,700,000,000 pesetas.

The agrarian situation is catastrophic. Peasants refuse to return to the land and in November, 1940, the Government was forced to allocate \$20,000,000 for loans to peasants in war-devastated areas to obtain some kind of a harvest.

"Spain is economically almost annihilated," the authoritative Nazi financial publication *Bankarchiv* wrote on October 2. The situation has certainly not changed for the better since then.

The regime is desperate. Its failure to achieve any kind of national unity and to broaden its disappearing basis of mass support has become so accentuated that steps are now being taken to remove whole key plants

and even industries from the restless, radical and republican Asturias, Catalonia, the Basque Provinces and even the capital. They will be established in the more loyal, peasant and politically and industrially backward regions.

All of these factors account for General Franco's vacillations. They are at the root of the as yet not fully explained government changes in which the more rabidly pro-Nazi Falange followers have been removed from their posts in the army as well as the administration. It may well be that General Franco, who is thoroughly conversant with the situation in the country, wants to do his utmost to keep from entering the war before the issue has been decided. With one half of the population openly rebellious and the other half flagrantly discontented,

Spain would undoubtedly face Civil War if its government surrendered crassly to a foreign invader. To give the people arms is a dangerous experiment. On the other hand unless food and work can be provided, not even the utmost terror can prevent the eventual revolutionary outbreak.

Taking into consideration the situation within the country and the sentiments of the people, it would seem that even if Spain is drawn into the war on the Axis side, it will do its share at first in any case, by permitting the passage of Nazi troops. This will obviate the need for raising a large army from among the restless and hungry population. And it will also provide an army of occupation which can be used as a super-gendarmerie against the Spaniards in case of need.



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General Maxime Weygand, former Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, is seen here chatting with an officer of Spahis in Tunisia. For weeks Weygand has winked at German activity in Morocco, where he is Commander.



Russ Gerow, maestro of music on the new Silver Theatre Summer Show.

THE WEEK IN RADIO

A Strike Before the Mike

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

UNLESS Mitch Hepburn and Ned Sparks change their minds before this Sunday night, those five little Dionne sisters who put on a sit-down strike before the microphone recently will be back on the Ontario tourist promotion program, and we can hardly wait to hear them. You can lead a Dionne quint to the mike, but you can't make her talk English if

she's been told that English isn't a nice language. We could scarcely believe our ears when the quints spoke only French during their first appearance on the Ned Sparks show. The French language is a very beautiful one, but when Ontario was going to \$350,000 worth of trouble to invite our friends across the border to come and visit Canada, it would have been a courteous thing for the five little sisters to have spoken a language the Americans could have understood. But perhaps by this time, the tempest has died down. Earlier this week, while this paper was on the press, the Quints celebrated their seventh birthday and Lowell Thomas, NBC's famous newscaster, travelled to Callander to appear on the same program.

"Dead-pan" Ned Sparks didn't appear on last Sunday's show, because he was taken ill and decided to go fishing to rest up. Colonel Stoopnagle took his place.

ELIZABETH LONG, who is director of women's programs on the CBC, just telephoned to ask "What do you mean, there aren't any Canadian radio comedians?" Then she went on to laud the humor of Woodhouse and Hawkins, R. A. Wardle, Jean Hinds and Barbara Whitley. We've heard Woodhouse and Hawkins, think they're funny, and said so. Wardle is a Winnipegger with a North-England accent. He is pro-

QUITE INCORRIGIBLE

BECAUSE I sometimes like to think My neighbors almost take to drink. They scowl And howl; They curse And worse.

But still I use my nose and thumb For catty chats and other dumb, Delusive and demented things Like monthly books and pasteboard kings.

Timmins, Ont. GILEAN DOUGLAS.

fessor of zoology at the University of Manitoba, and discusses such things as gardening, housecleaning and fishing in a manner Elizabeth Long says is funny enough to laugh your head off at.

Jean Hinds is an advertising writer for the T. Eaton Co. in Winnipeg. On the first Wednesday of each month she reports on the doings of "Our knitting circle" and what the girls in the club on Maplewood Street think about the war, Mr. Churchill and German measles.

Barbara Whitley is the Montreal girl who used to read Stephen Leacock's stuff over the air until Leacock wrote the CBC that he believed in encouraging young talent and that he had "plenty of encouragement when he was young, and now was past encouragement", and so he would like to see the CBC give the breaks to Barbara in programs she would write herself. Which she will do, starting June 9.

Now Elizabeth Long may be quite right. These broadcasters may be very funny. Of the latter three we can say nothing, because we have never heard any of them, nor have we met anyone else who ever did.

FOR timely human interest, "We, The People" is one of the best programs on the air today. They actually tried to get Rudolf Hess on their program the day after he landed in Scotland, and failing that they took second best, David McLean, who captured Herr Hess with a pitchfork. By shortwave connection, with Larry Lesueur, of CBS's London staff doing most of the talking, "We, the People" brought McLean's voice to this side of the water, in a personal interview. "What was the first thing Hess said to you?" he was asked. "Thank you," replied Mc-

Lean. "Then he asked to be escorted to the home of the Duke of Hamilton at Dungavel. I said 'You won't walk there tonight'. He said he had an important message for the R.A.F. He was very disappointed." Now that's interesting copy for the radio.

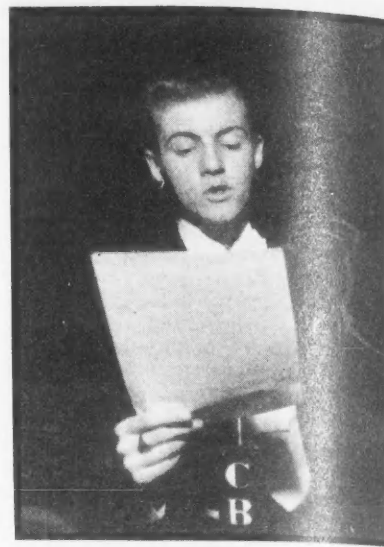
I often wonder why the CBC or Canadian private stations don't do more of that sort of thing. I mean this. When A. J. Casson wins \$1,000 for the best poster in the Victory Loan contest he should have been on the air that night telling how he got the inspiration to create the poster. When a woman like Mrs. E. O'Hare of Toronto has seven sons in Canada's fighting forces, she ought to tell the country about it. When a significant news event happens, it isn't enough to read about the principal characters in the newspapers. Let's hear them tell their own story, that very night, on the national network. If the CBC had a "Special Events department" under the direction of live newspapermen they could do this.

AFTER nearly 1,000 weekly broadcasts, dating back to November 19, 1922, Major Edward Bowes presented his Capitol Theatre program last Sunday for the last time. One of the most fascinating characters in American radio today, Major Bowes was launched in radio by the famous Roxy's theatre in New York. When Roxy moved to Seventh Ave. Major Bowes renamed the show "Major Bowes Capitol Theatre". It was on NBC until four years ago when Bowes' Amateurs moved to CBS and the Major took his Sunday morning broadcast over to Columbia, too.

The most outstanding service Major Bowes ever did for radio was to give many hundreds of talented young artists their first chance on the airwaves. Some people won't thank the major for that, but at least the artists do. Some of them are famous today.

The reason for dropping the Sunday morning show is said to be the simple fact that Bowes wants to spend his weekends at his country home at Englewood, N.J. Recently he has been broadcasting from there, with the artists in CBS studio in New York. But line charges are heavy and with the master of ceremonies using ear phones to pick up his cues, the program lacks sparkle. The major is very wealthy, and owns a palatial yacht, several cars with all sorts of gadgets in them.

ONE of the nice things about radio these days is the number of Americans who have been persuaded to cross the border into Canada and say some things that no Canadian ever thought of saying to our people. The first of this interesting band of Americans was Dorothy Thompson, who, by the way, returns on June 3, and will broadcast from Toronto on



Charles Sullivan, Canadian ballad singer, who stars in International Silver's Summer Show every Sunday.

a national network. Then there was Ralph Ingersoll, the progressive publisher of PM, who is Britain's greatest advocate, next to Roosevelt, in United States. Then George Lyon also of PM came to our Dominion and personally urged Prime Minister Mac-

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EST'D. 1832—OVER A CENTURY OF BANKING EXPERIENCE

kenzie King to let down the barriers of restriction on Canada's war story.

Two Sundays ago William Shirer, Columbia's news commentator in Berlin for a long time, came to Ottawa to speak on the CBC's "We have been there" series. He did it without a fee, like most of his countrymen. A few days later, when Rudolph Hess landed in a parachute in Scotland, the CBC urgently wired him to comment on the case. Again he wouldn't take any money for the job, but told the CBC to spend the fee on Coca-Cola for American fliers in the nearest training camp. Last Sunday the youthful Wallace Deuel, of the Chicago Daily News, spoke over a national network. These Americans have rendered Canada a great service.

AN INTERESTING index of how the country (by that, we mean continent) is thinking is to find out from *Variety* which ten songs are sung most often on the radio, played most often on those noisy coin machine things and sold most often in sheet music form. On the networks you'll find these on top: Dolores; Things I Love; Last Time I Saw Paris; Memory Of A Rose; I Understand; My Sister And I; Amapola; Daddy, Don't Cry; Cherie, and God Bless America. On the coin machine jukeboxes: Amapola; I Understand; Dolores; Band Played On; Apple Blossom Time; One I Love; Intermezzo; Music Makes; O Look At Me Now; and Perfidia.

On the song-sheets the top ten are: Intermezzo; My Sister And I; Things I Love; Amapola; Maria Elena; Apple Blossom Time; Do I Worry; O Look At Me Now; No. 10 Lullaby Lane; and Dolores. There's only one patriotic song among them. Amapola and Apple Blossom Time are revivals. Intermezzo is old. Last Time I Saw Paris, and My Sister and I are products of the refugee plight. It's all very interesting, if you can make anything out of it.

WHEN the CBC sent Bob Bowman and their mobile studio over to England, and dropped their actuality broadcasts in Canada, they might have done a service to the war effort and provided comfort to the Canadian troops and to their relatives back in Canada, but they didn't improve the general standard of broadcasting in Canada. Bowman's actuality broadcasts in Canada gave to the CBC's programs something distinctly Canadian. They were, in our opinion, the thing that made the CBC's programs different from private stations' programs.

Something ought to be done about this. Surely another mobile studio could be built, even if the money had to come out of program costs. Surely Bowman could have his farewell in Canada extended until a new man was trained in this special work. Bowman is needed right here in Canada, doing actuality broadcasts from the scene of Canada's war problems, so that Canadians might become aroused to the imperative need for a greater effort now.



J. T. BRYDEN—Assistant Treasurer of the North American Life Assurance Company, who spoke on Tuesday before the Life Advertisers Section of Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association on the subject of Life Insurance and War Finance.

Query: To Buy or Not to Buy?

BY THORNTON PURKIS

Canadians, says Mr. Purkis, are being asked to participate in their own defence without risking so much as a pin prick—by buying Victory Bonds.

We don't know how lucky we are! So far we have suffered very little from this war. If we had to endure, however briefly, some of its danger we might come back "filled with enthusiasm for the 'sweet simplicity of the three per cents'."

A MESSENGER from Mars landing here during the next few weeks might find his confusion worse confounded by the astonishing spectacle of the methods used to persuade people to take part in their own defence without risking a pin-prick, i.e. to buy Victory Bonds.

Here we are a nation at war; and since warfare is no longer a club and tomahawk affair, even the most infantile intelligence should know that wars cannot be fought without money. And the same intelligence might be expected to know that if we don't win this war, the possession of dollar bills, as such, may be as useless in terms of purchasing power as German marks in 1921 and French francs in 1942! For some reason

KIND

MAN takes his tiny lozenges of gland—Pituitary, cerebellum, And others named in tongue of ancient land. I simply have not strength to list and tell 'em!

He takes his rationed dose of liver raw, Sweetbreads from here and there in this and that way cooked—The organ-cells he takes into his maw. Had best, perhaps, be blandly overlooked.

But were I pastor, chemist, or physician Or in his life had any real part, I'd be a desperately-determined dietician And feed him steadily a needed change of heart.

EMILY LEAVENS.

many people still tend to believe that a thousand dollars in the bank will be better to own than a \$1,000 Victory Bond no matter what happens. Such a belief is childish. Both bills and bonds are Canada's promise to pay. The promise could not be redeemed in one case and defaulted in the other.

Notwithstanding these elementary facts, the Government of Canada finds it necessary to blast publicity at citizens morning, noon and night and from every degree of the compass urging people to defend their own.

As a publicity man, I should be grateful for this. I am. But from a plain citizen's point of view, I find myself asking myself why it should be necessary. I know that it is, and I know that during the next few weeks nearly 30,000 men will be toiling and sweating (even if not shedding tears and blood) to persuade people to buy Victory Bonds. Not only that, but we are told that if we buy Victory Bonds, we may consider ourselves "in the front line" so to speak. "Front Line?" Sacrifice? Pish! Where does the Front Line Service or "sacrifice" come in by investing in the safest security in the Dominion of Canada at 3%? Tush!

It is just too bad that any person who has money available to buy Victory Bonds and who is either reluctant to do so and who actually fails to do so, cannot literally be taken right out of his or her present, pleasant and safe occupation and be compelled to do some form of com-

batant service. There are a number of persuasive occupations. A month on a mine sweeper around the English Channel... a few compulsory flights in a fighter plane during an intensive raid... a 500 mile trek across the Libyan desert with nothing but fleas and flies for company, and with no water... a desperate rear guard action... or even a lonely vigil in the depth of winter on the north-east coast of Scotland or down around Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland. I'll wager they'd come back (if they were lucky enough) filled with enthusiasm for the "sweet simplicity of the three per cents"—as Mr. Disraeli once put it.

The simple fact is that most of us are better off financially than ever we have been... We haven't gone without a cigarette or lipstick as the result of war. We should be grateful that we have a Victory Loan to invest in. We shouldn't need persuasion to invest.

May Be Last War

This writer believes that if Canadians don't buy Victory Bonds to the tune of at least a billion dollars, we don't deserve to be in this war. Think of it! It may be the last war that any of us will ever have a chance to do anything about. If the Germans win (which I refuse to consider possible) it will. And when the democracies win, which they will, despite their stupidities, it is to be hoped that the lesson given to the totalitarian states will last for generations.



Mayor of New York Fiorello LaGuardia who last week was made head of U.S. civilian defence. He is co-chairman of Canada-U.S. defence board.

—Malak.

This present conflict is not only a war, it's a revolution; and the revolution is taking place concurrently with the war. We either put up the money to keep the war overseas or we face the consequences. As Mr. Churchill said (what would we writers do without his so quotable truths) "without Victory there can be no survival."

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WHISTLE STOP, by Maritta M. Wolff. Macmillan. \$3.00.

THIS remarkable first novel is the work of a university undergraduate of twenty-two years of age. It does not read like a first novel, nor does it show any signs of immaturity. Indeed, it is one of the most accomplished and thoroughly adult books that has appeared in recent years. If Maritta Wolff is going to write like this, it will not be long before she is an important figure in American letters.

The quality which this author has in abundance, and which most authors lack conspicuously, is humanity. She has humanity as Chaucer,

THE BOOKSHELF

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Meet the Unspeakable Veeches

Shakespeare and Rabelais had it. Now please do not imagine that I am ranking Miss Wolff with these three great ones, for I am doing nothing of the kind. The only quality which she shares with them is a perpetual, devouring curiosity about

her fellow beings; of this quality she has a particularly rich endowment, and she knows how to use it. She does not agonize and groan over mankind, as do Steinbeck, Hemingway, and others of the Oh-My-God-the-Bitter-Injustice-of-it school of writing, nor does she attack mankind with the net, killing-bottle and mounting-board, as does Aldous Huxley. She is a wide-eyed watcher with no axes to grind; of such is the literary Kingdom of Heaven.

In her first novel Miss Wolff anatomizes the Veech family. Some reviewers affect to find the Veeches repulsive; they seemed credible and tolerably representative citizens to

me. Pa Veech has rheumatism and spends his day reading library books; Ma Veech is a witless sloven with a heart as big and as soggy as a sponge; Mary Veech is a mobster's mistress, surpassing fair and the angel of the family; Kenny Veech is a vicious bum with an irresistible attraction for women; Jen and Josie, the twins, are small-town harpies and climbers; Carl Veech is sensitive and humane, and so no true Veech; Dorothy Veech, an evil, mentally warped child, is hinted to be the result of an incestuous passion which Kenny cherishes for Mary. The Veech household is completed by Jud Higgins, a nasty old man who drinks. Not the cream of humanity, certainly; but not the dregs, by any means.

The Veech story is neither comic nor tragic; it is as formless and uneven as life itself. There are scenes in it of cruelty, lust, deceit, pathos and mighty laughter. If you are curious about people you must read this book, and make the acquaintance of its author. She may do great things.

Our History in Miniature

THE CANADIAN PEOPLES, by B. K. Sandwell. Oxford. 75 cents.

THIS volume is one in the series, *The World To-Day*, which the Oxford University Press is producing with a view to providing succinct information on topics of outstanding importance. The purpose of *The Canadian Peoples* is to outline the history of Canada, laying particular stress upon racial and geographical barriers which have made this country what it is, and which will continue to influence Canadian development for many long years.

This book should be useful to all students of Canadian history; to the advanced student it presents a clear skeleton of our constitutional devel-

opment; to the beginner it will be a useful corrective to fairy-tale history of Canada which still finds a home in some of our institutions of education. For some reason or other, many teachers still think that history should be taught as though it had been invented by a sort of inferior Walter Scott, as though every problem had a clearly discernible right and wrong side, and as though no such elements as compromise or political expediency ever affected it. Mr. Sandwell suffers from no such quaint concept of history, and his book is an admirably clear and concise account of what really happened.

It would be no bad thing if some of our more progressive public schools were to provide in their libraries a number of books which interested students could use as supplementary reading to their assigned texts, and the present book, being authoritative, brief, and written from a realistic viewpoint would be a necessary volume in any such collection. And, in addition to its use as an outline of history, it would serve as proof that history can be written with delicacy of style and with humor.

Last Crucifixion

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

DIPLOMAT BETWEEN WARS by Hugh R. Wilson. Longmans, Green. \$4.

OF ALL the vast coterie of diplomats who served in Europe from 1919 to 1939, those who represented the United States of America were in the best position to take an objective view of what was going on.

An American diplomat like the author of this book could take things philosophically, even though he could not escape an apprehension of ultimate disaster. Until Theodore Roosevelt took matters in hand, the United States had no trained diplomatic service worthy of the name, but since his time an efficient staff of thoroughly trained career men has been built up, of whom Mr. Wilson is a type. In 1911 he gave up a promising business career at Chicago to enter what was then a new field, and has been in the thick of things on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific ever since. His career reached a climax a few years ago when he became Ambassador to Germany in succession to Prof. William E. Dodd.

The posthumous publication of Dodd's diaries has been a sensation, and it is interesting to note the contrast between the mental attitudes of the two men. Perhaps because he is a career man, hard boiled by practical experience, matters which tortured the very soul of the sensitive scholar Dodd, were accepted by Wilson "realistically." His training had led him to expect baseness of the mushroom crew of European politicians, which the economic chaos of the past 20 years flung to the surface.

Hugh Wilson's most passionate words are on the subject of devaluation, which in Germany prepared the soil for the triumph of Hitler. "If," he says "I were given the right to condemn to punishment the most iniquitous of peoples, I would never condemn them to devaluation; the results are too barbarous. . . War is a dreadful experience, but it brings out some virtue. . . Devaluation has no redeeming features; it brutalizes those whom it does not turn into cringing cowards. It is the last crucifixion a people can suffer."

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THE CANADIAN PEOPLES

By B. K. SANDWELL

128 pp. Illustrated with photographs and map. Cloth boards.

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In times like these... some fight the enemy with powder and steel, some with humming factories and assembly lines... and some with wings that smite the enemy without and against the enemy within.

When they asked us in England for a book to tell them *the Canadian people*—where we came from, what we have done and are doing, we stand where we do to-day—we begged the busy editor of *Saturday Night* to take on this important task.

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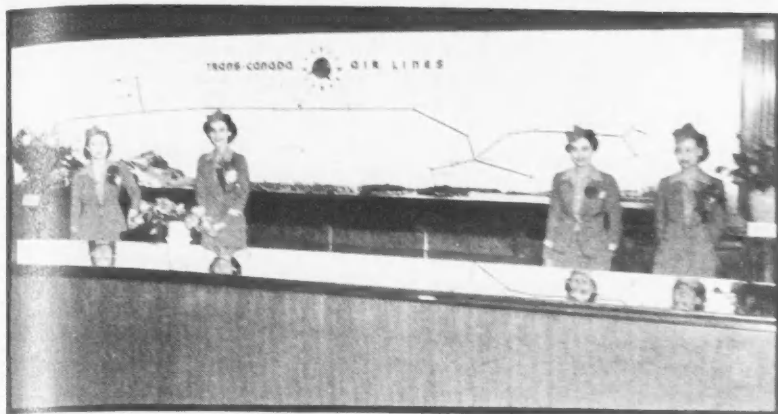
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Four air stewardesses stand before the map of Trans-Canada Air Lines in the new Toronto traffic office. Left to right: Miss Emily Cowan, just arrived on a flight from Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg; Miss Frances Smith, from Windsor; Miss Margaret Dickson, from New York; Miss Leona Barry, from Halifax. Each brought floral greetings from these cities.

gives his recital at the Chateau Laurier on June 3. The trans-Canada tour opens at His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, on June 1. The other engagements include Toronto (Eaton Auditorium), June 4; Winnipeg (the Fort Garry), June 9; Edmonton (the Macdonald), June 12; Calgary (the Palliser), June 13; Banff Springs Hotel, June 14; Vancouver Hotel, June 18; Victoria (the Empress Hotel), June 20.

Gifts of Silver

When an engraved invitation arrives telling of the coming marriage of someone to someone else the question of what the wedding gift should be presents itself immediately, and

"something in silver" usually is one of the first thoughts.

Silver has long been a part of the bridal tradition and in the year 1941 we find a rare and beautiful combination of old and new patterns. Beautiful and faithful copies of the finest antiques stand side by side with the latest translations of modern interpretation of art forms.

Silver gifts cover an enormous scope—flat silver, tea sets, coffee sets, trays that range from saucer size to great tea service trays. Bread and cake plates and baskets, compotes, shells and exquisitely designed square, oblong and fluted dishes that may be used for bonbons, sauces, nuts, candies and relishes, also offer themselves for consideration, and we

must not forget the silver buffet that often appears as well as a new handsome dresser.

Then there are all the silver trays and boxes that decorate the hall, the living room and the dining room. There are wonderful vases, their range from the traditional, flaring, tapering vase to those of huge proportions. We find again the silver for the antiques which have been part of the silver since the early thirteenth century and are now in high fashion.

There is a large array of silver, all of it selected among the finest. Silver, crystal glasses and cutlery and, of course, the beautiful silver-plated silver, which is the most quickly and easily changed.

Silver asks only to be kept. It requires little cleaning. It gets a little of soap and water and a good brushing with a brush that doesn't scratch. The fine patina that softens silver comes only with age and use.

Rub-a-dub-dub

If your laundress and your laundry go to pieces when the two get together here are some suggestions on how to be kind to lingerie when it is being tubbed and ironed. Perhaps you may want to paste them on the wall somewhere near your laundress' field of action as a reminder.

Do not wash nylons in boiling water.

Do not iron bias cuts on the up and down straight line, but place the gown or slip along a slanting line on the ironing board.

Never fold colored lingerie up tightly in a towel because it is likely to spot. However, such spots come out easily in rinsing the garments.

Colored lingerie should be shaken out and allowed to dry partially before ironing. Sometimes sheer prints look much nicer when ironed completely dry.

Summer Hostess

BY MARJORIE MORSON

WHOM are you going to invite to the cottage this year? You have probably made up your mind already, but do you realize what a narrow margin there is between a delightful visit and a mutual endurance test? Just a little planning and a little tact on both sides will make all the difference.

If you happen to be an islander and your guest arrives a non-swimmer, why not take a try at teaching her? Nothing is easier once you get the hang of it, but of course the same can be said of parachute jumping. Everything will depend on your friend's willingness to be dangled off the end of the wharf on a rope.

It is unsafe to canoe until one can swim with confidence for few people are likely to behave with the non-chalance of a young English war guest who, unable to swim a stroke, upset with her hostess in mid-channel. Instead of the usual fright and frenzied clutching, she bobbed up laughing and obediently held on to the canoe while her companion towed it to shore.

If any of your guests happen to be from Britain, they will find many novelties in our lakes and country-side. Last summer a small English boy who was being driven up north for holidays noticed the tin boxes on poles along the roads and remarked, "How good you Canadians are to your birds!"

In considering the guest room, make sure that the windows and door are mosquito proof. These buzzing parachutists take special delight in attacking people who are fresh from the city. A biscuit jar on the bedside table will protect your guest from hunger, for no matter what splendid meals you provide, she may be haunted by that nervous feeling that seizes us all when we know that it would be improper to raid the ice box.

Don't for visitors (who wish to be invited again).

Don't be uncertain. Make it clear as early as possible whether you will be able to accept the invitation or not. Don't keep your hostess in

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suspense on that point until she hears the steamer horn and then sees you skidding down the gang plank onto her dock. Also, don't make a mystery of the date on which you are to depart. Charmed as the whole family may be to have you, a departed guest nearly always leaves a delicious sense of freedom.

Don't bring a diet flat everything and like it. Don't tell the family how they should remodel the cottage unless they ask you.

Don't forget that cottagers are as fussy about their boats as a hospital nurse is over the new babies! On

your life, don't scratch or bump them!

Don't sit about the veranda looking like a martyr waiting for your hostess to go out with you. She has plenty to attend to besides dressing, so just skip down to the wharf and bail out the boat.

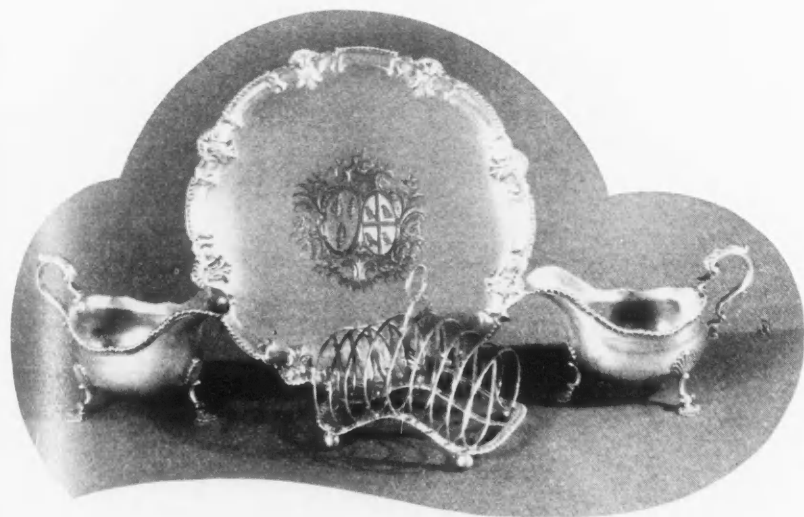
The main secret is to enjoy everything! The weather, the books, your friends, friends! Love me, love my dog, could be extended into "Love me, love my friends." Be on your toes, ready for everything, for what your hostess really wants is to feel that she is giving you a big time!



Tailored to the well-cut, easy fit for which California play clothes are famous, this two-piece slack suit is a Canadian-made copy of a California original. Of English spun specially dyed in Nassau pink with rose. Discs of suede substitute for buttons. Robert Simpson Co.

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Birks-Ellis-Ryrie have the privilege of offering to their customers a most unusual opportunity of acquiring Old English treasures at exceptional prices... the collections are on display in the Mezzanine Floor in the Cooling Galleries and Continental Shop until June 21st. They comprise:

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FIFTY years ago this May, Leo XIII, most intellectual of modern Popes, published his Encyclical "The Condition of the Working Class," generally known by its Latin title, *Rerum Novarum*. It is not usual to commemorate the anniversaries of encyclicals, but the golden jubilee of the *Rerum Novarum* is now being celebrated in an impressive manner all over the Catholic world. The bomb-racked workers of Glasgow, Manchester and London are taking time off to attend meetings in honor of an encyclical which is described as "the Workers' Charter." The hierarchy of Quebec has issued a joint pastoral on the Encyclical Jubilee, every bishop in the United States has done something to celebrate it, and the cables from every quarter, Lisbon and Lima, Manila and Buenos Aires, have references to celebrations.

By a necessary coincidence the celebrations refer to two encyclicals, for ten years ago the fortieth anni-

The Church and Society

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE

versary of the *Rerum Novarum* was marked by the issue of the Encyclical "The Reconstruction of the Social Order" (*Quadragesimo Anno*) by Pope Pius XI. This was not only a eulogy and re-statement of Leo's doctrine but an amplification of it and an application to conditions as they were in 1931. It has recently been revealed that the decision to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, instead of waiting for the half-century, by the issue of another encyclical on social reconstruction, was taken at short notice under a sense of urgency produced by the world-wide depression.

To speak bluntly rather than discreetly, the Vatican during the last fifty years has taken no complacent or optimistic view of world condi-

tions, and has frankly feared social upheavals. A century does not seem a long time to any Pope, and especially not to Leo XIII, who was 81 years of age in 1891 when he began his epoch-marking encyclical by saying: "It is not surprising that the spirit of revolutionary change, which has long been predominant in the nations of the world, should have passed beyond politics and made its influence felt in the cognate field of practical economy."

Totalitarianism Coming

After a half-century which has witnessed the conquest of Russia by Communism and of Germany by National Socialism it cannot be said that the Vatican's fears have been proved groundless, and if the issue of the encyclical of 1931 by a Caesarian operation did not save the Weimar Republic and all that depended on it from collapse, the judgment of the Pope as to the imminence of crisis was vindicated.

On the last page of *Quadragesimo Anno*, Pius XI, who, as Apostolic Delegate to Poland, had stayed in Warsaw in 1920 when the Bolsheviks were at the gates, wrote: "For herself, the Church of Christ, built upon a solid rock, has nothing to fear, for she knows that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her; and the experience of centuries has taught her that storms, even the most violent, will pass away, leaving her stronger and triumphantly victorious. But her maternal heart cannot but be stirred at the thought of the countless ills which tempests of the kind would bring to so many thousands; at the thought, above all, of the immense spiritual evils which would ensue, entailing the eternal ruin of so many souls redeemed by the blood of Christ."

The ordinary reader today finds no surprises in the *Rerum Novarum*. The novelties of fifty years ago are the commonplaces of today. There were great men before Agamemnon and there were assailants of *laissez faire* and the classic political economy before Leo XIII, but precisely because a Pope claims to be speaking as one having authority and not making a contribution to a symposium it was a matter of enormous significance when the *Rerum Novarum* set itself against the doctrines and policies of free competition which in 1891 seemed to have the overwhelming weight of scientific teaching on their side.

One "Greatest Fact"

The completeness of the faith in economic freedom which possessed this continent only a generation ago was recalled to me recently when I picked up in a second-hand book store a paper read to Cambridge University in 1906 entitled "The Greatest Fact in Modern History" by Whitelaw Reid, then American Ambassador to Great Britain. The "greatest fact" was the successful establishment of democracy in the United States by the seceding colonists. Exultingly describing the new American order Mr. Whitelaw Reid said: "There was no hindrance in learning trades; no limit to the hours of labor; no power to keep a man from working if he wanted to work and found work. The Colonists would have accepted unreservedly those golden words with which Clemenceau lately thrilled the French Chamber of Deputies, but while accepting them would have wondered why he thought it necessary to say so obvious a thing in so solemn a way. 'I consider that every man who needs work and finds work has the right to work and I maintain that the community and the State authorities have the duty of assuring to him the exercise of this right.' The present-day reader wonders what Mr. Whitelaw Reid would have thought of the America of the New Deal!"

Apart from the prescription of religion itself as a necessary element of a healthy and stable social order,

This year the Catholic world celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the startling economic encyclical, "*Rerum Novarum*", by Leo XIII in 1891, and its companion document, "*Quadragesimo Anno*", by Pius XI in 1931.

These encyclicals expressed the belief that a new social order and a new economic system were inevitable, and that if world chaos were to be avoided, organized Labour and organized Capital would have to work cooperatively, rather than as antagonistic social groups.

These encyclicals stress that Capital and Labour must unite for the common good of man. If they did so, social change was inevitable; if they refused to do so, civilization would be wrecked and a pagan and vicious world would result.

the main points of *Rerum Novarum*, after the rejection of Socialism, were approval of social legislation and of labor unions in principle, recommendation of widely diffused property, and, most important of all, the assertion that justice required that the laborer be paid at least a living wage, and that any wage less than this, even though arrived at by so-called free contract between employer and employee, was morally ultra vires.

The *Quadragesimo Anno* is able to point with satisfaction to the fact that in very large part the nations have accepted as correct the prescriptions of the *Rerum Novarum*. Much of the *Quadragesimo Anno* covers ground familiar enough to

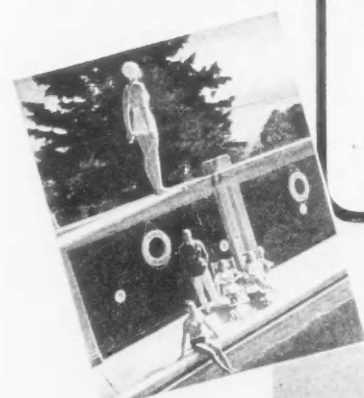
those who keep abreast of the literature of the social question. The novel part is difficult to comprehend precisely because it is unfamiliar, and moreover it is confessedly but a pointer of direction, not a detailed blueprint of the reconstructed social order. The present economic system, according to the encyclical, presents a terrifying spectacle of class antagonism with organized capital ranged in battle array against organized labor. There is no longer any appearance of a self-regulating system of free competition. Economic domination has taken the place of competition. The State has attempted to restrain both capitalistic and labor combinations, but this extends too far the functions of the State and brings with it the danger, and already in some countries the actuality of totalitarianism. The true remedy, the right kind of social reconstruction is for all those engaged in an industry whether as employers or employed to be organized for collaboration in the pursuit of their common interests, with due subordination to the greater interests of the whole community. Existing organizations of labor and of capital are horizontal; the required organizations of industries would be vertical.

The "joint councils" of the English systems of Whitleyism are suggestive of the scheme of reconstruction urged today by the Catholic Church. I have tried to give the reader an idea of the practical economic part of the Pope's teaching but it would be misleading not to give warning that the Pope claims no efficacy for any plan of social reconstruction apart from individual moralization, and the present anniversary celebrations are intended as much to stir consciences as to make propaganda for particular economic proposals.

It is to be remembered also that there is teaching of a new international order as well as social order, and there are signs, especially in Britain, of co-operation between the Catholic and Protestant churches for these aims.



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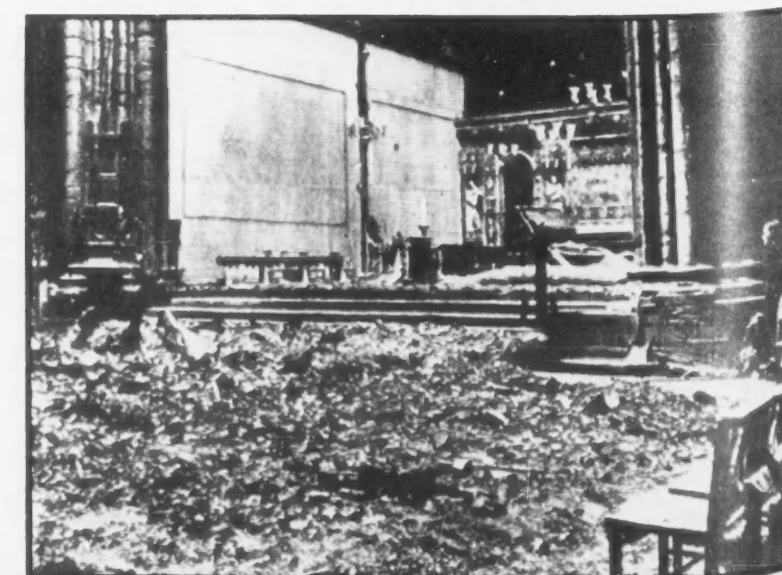
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A fortnight ago, the Luftwaffe staged its heaviest raid on London, did damage to Big Ben, the House of Commons and Westminster Abbey. Above: the Abbey before the Nazi visit; below: after the bombing.



Renaissance of Professional Theatre in Toronto

WARREN P. Munsell, business manager of The Theatre Guild, arrived in Toronto last week from New York, the bearer of important news to Toronto theatregoers. Mr. Munsell made the trip to announce personally that The Theatre Guild and the American Theatre Society would inaugurate a regular subscription season at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this Fall.

The advent of a Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society subscription series in Toronto means that local subscribers will not only receive the best plays available with important stars, but may also obtain preferred seat locations at reduced rates under the box office prices to the general public.

Under the season ticket purchase plan, a subscriber may save as much as \$400 for the six plays. A member also has the privilege of sitting in the same seat for every one of the productions.

There will be seven subscription performances of each play at the Royal Alexandra. The Guild is already able to announce a tentative list of prospective productions for Toronto members. They are as follows:

(1) Katharine Hepburn in a new play by Philip Barry. It was this

combination that brought forth the sensationally successful *The Philadelphia Story*, also produced by The Theatre Guild.

(2) Helen Hayes in Maxwell Anderson's new play *Candle in the Wind*, which will be presented by The Theatre Guild and The Playwrights' Company.

(3) Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Sophie Treadwell's inspiring comedy *Hope For A Harvest*. The Marches have just terminated an unusually successful road subscription tour in this play. Because of Hollywood commitments made by Mr. March, he is now on the Coast ready to appear in *One Foot in Heaven*, the motion picture version of Hartzel Spence's famous story. He will be back in October, however, along with Miss Eldridge, his actress-wife, to appear in *Hope For A Harvest*.

(4) Maurice Evans in the play long awaited by this actor's ever-admiring public—*Macbeth*. Mr. Evans is the greatest Shakespearean actor of the present day, and his efforts for this Shakespearean tragedy have already aroused tremendous national interest.

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

More and more, players who have established great reputations in New York feel the urge to appear before a wider public. The Theatre Guild subscription system makes it possible for them to play in most of the large cities of this continent.

This decentralization of theatrical activity cannot help but have a tonic effect on the continent as a whole. Toronto may congratulate itself on having won inclusion in the Guild's itinerary.

(5) *Arsenic and Old Lace*, the Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse production of Joseph Kesselring's hilarious thriller now playing to capacity houses in New York and Chicago.

(6) John Golden's brilliant production of Rose Franken's delightful and touching *Claudia*, an outstanding Broadway success.

(7) Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's charming comedy *Old Acquaintance*, which has just completed a season-long run in New York.

Outlook Promising

Everything considered, Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner, The Guild's administrative directors, feel the outlook for another record road season is very promising. They believe the interest in good theatre is greater now than it has been since The Guild's first traveling company set forth in 1927.

With the addition of Toronto and Indianapolis, The Theatre Guild's road subscription group includes ten other cities outside of New York, with a total of more than 50,000 subscribers distributed as follows: Baltimore, 2,881; Boston, 9,066; Buffalo, 2,341; Chicago, 9,341; Cincinnati, 2,165; Columbus, 2,273; Detroit, 4,576; Philadelphia, 6,698; Pittsburgh, 5,190; and Washington, 5,988. The figure for Detroit is particularly significant, as it is one of the cities added only last Fall.

Each year Theatre Guild productions on the road are supplemented by plays sponsored by the American Theatre Society. These are chosen by Miss Helburn, Mr. Langner, and Mr. Munsell from the best New York plays available for touring. Of the 15 plays presented to the 50,000 subscribers last season, each subscription city saw at least six. Moreover, in several cities Guild subscribers had an opportunity to purchase tickets at reduced rates for a number of other productions, including *My Sister Eileen*, *Claudia*, and *Somebody in France*. The last is scheduled to open The Guild's Broadway season in the Fall.

The Guild road season, however, is by no means confined to the subscription cities. This season these



Maurice Evans and Katharine Hepburn will both visit Toronto next season, the latter in a new play by Philip Barry, and the former in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth".

15 productions visited some 90 cities in the United States and Canada, giving nearly a thousand performances. Putting the average nightly audience at a conservative 1,200, this means that The Guild and the American Theatre Society have entertained a vast number of playgoers between September and May—something over a million, in fact.

The subscription plan, nevertheless, is the heart of The Guild's success on the road. Subscribers with faith in The Guild's ability to maintain a high standard of production have made it possible to plan a schedule of plays in advance.

This is the happy arrangement that is foiling all those people who started to bury the road a few years ago. It can't be buried.



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Helen Hayes will play the lead in Maxwell Anderson's new play, to be called "Candle In The Wind".

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Fredric March will be seen in the Guild's production of Sophie Treadwell's new comedy "Hope For A Harvest".

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HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO EAT?

In these busy days, many of us have to satisfy our hunger with a sandwich, often bolted hurriedly. We know we're playing fast and loose with our insides, but the job must take first place. Irregular meals, irregular sleep, and new ways of living are all causes of constipation.

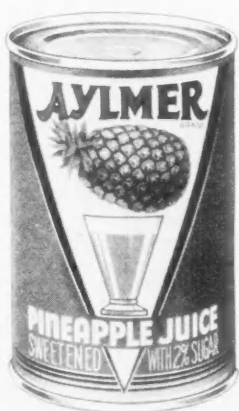
How to Get Gentle Relief

Constipation, as you know, is caused mainly by the disappearance of moisture from the large intestine. Therefore, that moisture must return. This is done by the action of the several mineral salts which are present in Kruschen. At the same time Kruschen, by its diuretic action helps to flush the kidneys, thus ridding your bloodstream of its accumulated toxic poisons.

It stands to reason that the size of dose for relieving constipation depends on the individual. But once this initial constipation has been relieved, a small daily dose—just enough to cover a dime—will help to keep you regular, and cheerful. Start today to remedy the mischief wrought by irregular meals and hours. You can get Kruschen from any druggist—25c, and 75c.

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The cream to use before
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THE LONDON LETTER

The Army Would Like Some Dachshunds

BY P. O'D.

WE HAVE been asked to give all sorts of things to the Army—binoculars, razor-blades, knitted comforts, wireless sets, even pianos. And now we are being asked to give dogs. The boys, it seems, are lonely, and they want dogs, any kind of dog, dogs of high degree or low, almost anything on four legs, that will wag a tail and bark and show a friendly interest in the people it knows.

When I say "any kind" of dog, I should perhaps explain. There has been a certain amount of controversy about one particular dog, the dachshund. The gentleman who started this excellent idea of tykes for the troops suggested that dachshunds should be barred. So far as he is concerned, the dachshund is an enemy alien, and should be treated as such. Not for a moment can he see a truly patriotic Tommy making a pal of the shiny little beast. *Raus mit ihm!*—is the only language he really understands.

As might be expected, admirers of the dachshund have leaped into the fray with fire in their eye and their fountain-pens fairly squirting the ink of anger. And not just old ladies in defence of their household pets. Here's Sir John Pollock, for instance, writing to *The Times* to protest against the aspersions cast on "this courageous and sporting hound." German! What the devil do you mean, sir? The dachshund is a descendant of the basset hound, and his true place of origin is the Ardennes. He is really a Belgian, if you want to know.

Oh, well, perhaps the good Sir John is right. Far be it from me to plunge into this sort of argument! Only I seem to remember during the last war the fierce refusal of the owners of Alsations to admit that they were German police-dogs. Nothing of the kind! They were sheep-dogs from the Vosges Mountains. Sheep, egad!

Perhaps in time we shall discover that the dachshund is really a smooth-coated Scottie. But one thing I do know, and that is that soldiers don't care a hoot. A friend of mine, who breeds dachshunds very successfully, lost one of her prize winners. Days later and miles away he was found at an Army camp, of which he had already become the acknowledged boss. The soldiers christened him "Goebbels"—pronounced "gobbles"—and gave him the run of the place, the choice of their beds, and the titbits from their plates. He didn't want to come home. Perhaps he thought it was a good place to gather military information.

A Sea of Fire

A couple of days ago I had a chat with a man who watched the recent Great Fire of London from the roof of a tall office-building in Moorgate, on the very edge of it. I suppose this is rather old stuff now, but it is always interesting to get an actual eye-witness account of a cataclysm of that sort. And this man had a ringside seat. "Like standing on a cliff and watching a sea of fire tossing below," he said, "with the waves licking up at you, and the spray shooting high over your head."

The big company to which he belongs believes in preparedness. For its main office building, incidentally, one of the finest in the City, it had a force of fire-watchers recruited from its staff, with a couple of whole-time experts to direct operations. It was my friend's turn to be on duty during his luck at having to miss a weekend in the country, and that is how he came to see it all.

When the air-raid warnings were given, he went as usual to his station on the roof. There was a tremendous droning of aeroplanes overhead, and then the bombs began to fall, high explosive and incendiary incendiaries by the thousand. All over the dark, quiet, deserted area in front of him little points of light began

to show, like some fantastic decoration—a torch-light procession watched from a long way off. They spread and grew and melted into one another with a horrible speed, and soon the whole place was ablaze.

"If only there had been fire-watchers enough!" he said. "It would have made all the difference. I saw it happen in building after building, a small greenish light showing through some upstairs window, where the incendiary had landed. A man on the spot could have put it out at once. But before the firemen in the street below could break their way into the building and get to it, the whole top floor would be alight, and nothing could stop it."

Besides, in his opinion the equipment of the fire-fighting services—mostly volunteers—was inadequate. It seemed to him that their hoses and ladders were too short for the job, and not nearly enough water-pressure to make up for it. But he didn't set much store by all that. He didn't think that the finest fire-fighting equipment in the world would have made very much difference, once the conflagration got really going. There is nothing much you can do with a fire about a mile square, except to let it burn out.

Once Was Too Much

In the meantime, he and the others were kept busy on their own building. Incendiary bombs fell on it, but were extinguished or tossed over into the courtyard, where they burned harmlessly out. Almost equally dangerous were the great lumps of flaming material that were hurled high into the air and fell on the roof. And all the while the air was filled with sparks, sparks that shot up out of the fire and then came floating slowly down like big red snowflakes. They landed all over your clothes, and started to smoulder until you slapped them out.

In the end the building escaped, blackened and scorched but otherwise unscathed. Preparedness had paid its dividend, as it usually does, but they had been lucky too. The high-explosives had missed them, though one had made a great hole in the street beside the wall. It did practically no other damage. Even the windows were unbroken in the queer way that such things happen or don't happen. High explosive is unpredictable stuff.

The thing that seemed to impress him most about the fire was, not so much the intense heat of it he doesn't seem to have felt that very acutely—but the noise of it, the tremendous steady roar filled with the crashing of walls and roofs. Also the wind it raised. Before the fire started the night was still, but at the height of the fire's fury there was a draught setting in from all sides towards the blaze that had almost the force of a gale. He had to cling to things on the roof-top not to be

carried along with it. Perhaps that is why he did not feel the heat more it was blown away from him.

"It was the most wonderful spectacle I ever saw," he concluded. "But I don't want ever to see another like it. Once was too much."

That is a sentiment with which no one will be inclined to disagree. None the less, it must have been a singularly thrilling experience—the sort of experience that in later years a man may be tempted to tell and retell rather too often. It is sad to think of all the suffering that fire may cause in family sitting-rooms and the quiet corners of clubs in the years to come. Perhaps I am contributing to the suffering now. I hope the reader will bear with me.



Ruth Chatterton, appearing in Shaw's "Pygmalion", at the Royal Alexandra the week beginning Monday, June 2

MUSICAL EVENTS

Stokowski's Latest Innovations

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IT IS significant that the two orchestral conductors who in our time have shown the most consistent initiative should both be men of purely English training, Leopold Stokowski and Sir Thomas Beecham. Neither ever set foot on the soil of Europe except as visitors. Into the realm of music they have carried the adventurous resourceful spirit associated with the name of Britain. The fact that Stokowski is, in education entirely a London product, is not generally realized. Born within the sound of Bow Bells, the names of his teachers, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry and Walford Davies, indicate his identity with the modern Renaissance in British music which began when he was a boy in knickerbockers. He has been in America for 35 years and for 25 of them, recognized as one of the most brilliant of living conductors; but his first experiences with the baton occurred in London in 1908 when on a visit home he conducted a series of orchestral concerts, and set the pace for his future career.

With so pronounced an individualist as Stokowski it would be futile to maintain that he is definitely a product of any school; his genius for interpretation and organization could not be other than the result of self-teaching and self-communing. When after intensive labor he had won a niche for himself in the limited coterie of great conductors the spirit of adventure asserted itself and has led him into many strange by-paths. Yet it is ever the spirit of restless innovation which gives vitality to music from generation to generation. While most of us admire Stokowski because he embodies the eternal qualities of pure poetic inspiration, we must understand that his impatience of tradition and routine are part of the individuality which has brought so bountiful a harvest of beauty to America.

The average conductor of eminence desires an orchestra so complete and proficient in personnel that it shall constitute a perfect instrument, that will give him a minimum of worry as conductor. Not so Stokowski! At 59 he finds joy in training the ambitious young musicians, who constitute his "All-American Youth Orchestra." Listening to their concert at Varsity Arena on Monday night one recalled a season nearly 20 years ago when Toscanini brought to America an orchestra of young Italians of inferior quality, who under the magic of his baton were stirring and remarkable in expression. The young people whom Stokowski has gathered around him are vastly more talented than Toscanini's young Italians; but

one noted the same ability in the conductor to obtain from them the last ounce of enthusiasm that was in them, and achieve almost mystical effects in expression.

The spirit of innovation has led Stokowski to revolutionize traditional orchestral seating; so that wood wind and brass rather than strings predominate in the tonal balance; and to carry with him an enormous sounding board and canopy intended to intensify tone.

Many conductors have adopted a plan evolved by him many years ago of placing all the violins at his left hand, and the cellos at his right, where by usage the second violins used to sit. But I doubt whether many will adopt his latest blue print.

Though the aggregate tonal quality was less beautiful than that of established symphony orchestras, in which the question of age plays no part, Stokowski's genius in attack, phrasing, accent, and the inponderables that constitute poetic expression of the higher order were never more apparent. It was a beautiful program vitalized in every measure; the ever-glorious Brahms' Symphony in C minor which has always been one of the conductor's favorites; Love-Music from *Tristan and Isolde* in which he is unsurpassed, and noble examples of Bach, the shorter Fugue in G minor, and *La Feste Burg*. It roused all musical listeners to serene emotional exaltation.

Stewart Surpasses Himself

After a month of concerts, the 1941 Philharmonic Orchestra under Reginald Stewart, which provides the Promenade events at Varsity Arena, Toronto, has at last found itself. The rendering last week of the great masterpiece, Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C minor, was not only its finest achievement this season but the finest since the Proms began in 1934. This year circumstances compelled changes in personnel which created new problems, but the only irreplaceable loss (though the ability of his successor is plain) has been the great bassoonist Mr. Burghauer, who has gone to reside in New York. For the vacant desk of first flutist a gifted young soloist Gordon Day has been found. As previously stated, the Orchestra has a new concert master of much knowledge and ability in Samuel Hersenhoren; and a new 'cello leader, Philip Spivak, and in the rank and file quite a number of new faces have been noted.

Last week's concert showed that in four weeks Mr. Stewart has moulded his forces into a cohesive and brilliant instrument.



Wilbur Evans, baritone, soloist at the Promenade Concert, on June 5.

THE FILM PARADE

Isn't There Any Middle Way, Mr. Capra?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ies. They are always excellent actors and they always seem to act better for Capra than for anybody else. No wonder he's a success. It's hard to say just how effective Mr. Capra's parable would have been without Gary Cooper to deflate its "message" and give both character and story exactly the right touch of abashed sincerity. The best moments of the picture however

were contributed by James Gleason as the deeply soused and patriotic city editor. It has been pointed out that the trick of appearing drunk on the screen is to act not like a sober man trying to appear drunk but like a drunk man attempting to appear sober. It's quite an art and Mr. Gleason's performance here is

about its highest expression.

Altogether "Meet John Doe" is wonderfully easy to watch and even up to a certain point to believe in. Certainly nothing could be more typical of this excitable continent than the John Doe organization. There's nothing apparently that we like better than to organize overnight into large enthusiastic groups devoted to immense vague purpose

and affiliated right across the country. And by the way whatever became of the Leadership League?

"I WANTED WINGS" is worth seeing, simply as a detailed and highly dramatic documentary on American air training and flight manoeuvres. It's really a wonderful show up to the point where it develops plot trouble. Then it's the old story of love coming in by the door and interest flying out the window. Ray Milland, William Holden and Wayne Morris are the pilots and Veronica Lake, a newcomer all enmeshed in long golden hair is the blonde involved. Miss Lake is supposed to have great dramatic possibilities and may easily develop them if she can once fight free of her hair.



Promenette by Déjà

The cool, airy weave of this silky new fabric, at first glance, suggests Summer jersey. Its charming, fresh look is emphasized by field daisies that "grow" all over it. A delightful warm weather frock... a happy combination of graciousness and casualness.

DÉJÀ IS EXCLUSIVE WITH SIMPSON'S IN TORONTO AND MONTREAL

MEET JOHN DOE" may leave you wondering whether the John Does of the world with their child-like hearts and their passion for nation-wide organization are the hope or the menace of civilization. Director Capra himself seems at times to be in two minds on the question. At one moment he is urging the nation's citizens, via John Doe, to tear down their arbitrary divisions and all get together in one vast backyard of brotherly love. And at the next he is demonstrating ably what can happen to the organized John Does when the totalitarian thinkers come on the scene and the John Does are caught with their fences down. Isn't there any middle way, Mr. Capra? I think there is and I think my companion of the evening summed it up admirably on the way out. He said he'd like to get on good enough terms with his neighbors to be able to ask them to turn their radios off in the evening.

Neighborhood is the main theme of "Meet John Doe" but there are several others, including Christianity, freedom, patriotism and fascism. Messrs. Capra and Riskin might even have taken on Communism, e.g., once you start taking down your fences it becomes logical and a lot more fun to take down your neighbor's if the idea had occurred to them or there had been a little more time. In their eagerness to cover the whole modern problem the boys seem to have been ready to take on anything. It was a vast expanse of material and they went to it with a will. The trouble was they painted themselves into a corner instead of into the logical exit.

The logical ending of "Meet John Doe," to get away from figures, was to have Gary Cooper throw himself on Christmas Eve off a forty-storey building. But the Gary Cooper fans wouldn't stand for that. The alternative was to have him give up his martyrdom for the sake of his sweetheart; and naturally the afflicted John Does wouldn't stand for that. In the end they worked out a solution which was obviously intended to leave the audience so staggered and impressed that it wouldn't be

RETRIBUTION

STILL as of old,

Man by himself is priced,
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ.

Montreal, Que., DOROTHY SPOULE.

able to figure out anything. John Doe gets off his martyrdom when Barbara Stanwyck points out that First John Doe had taken care of the problem for all time, nineteen hundred years ago. One is left a little in doubt about the logic, not to mention the propriety of this notion, but it certainly strikes a remarkable note for the end.

DIRECTOR CAPRA loves the common man, the innocent dope with a great deal of heart and a rather confused head. But engaging and persuasive as he is made, it is a little hard to take the typical Capra hero very seriously as leader and Messiah. "Meet John Doe" won't impress the skeptical as a piece of social thinking, and perhaps it is unfair to criticize it on that ground. Director Capra's first business is to be entertaining, and the first business of an entertainer is to avoid as far as possible disturbing profundities. Mr. Capra may not understand the American Problem (whatever it is) any better than the rest of us. But he does understand American feeling and temperament—its good nature and violence, its excitability and matter-of-factness, its belief and its cynicism. The result is that the assumptions of his films are right, even when his conclusions are fantastic; and his characters are authentic, if only as types, no matter how capriciously they behave. He is always in touch with his American public on the one hand, and his American material on the other, and he knows how to pick stories that are right for his public and actors who are right for his stories.

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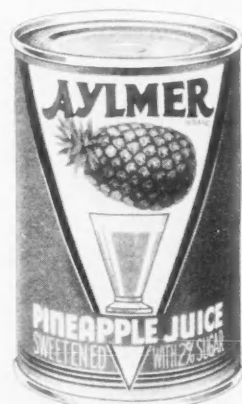
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The spirit of innovation has led Stokowski to revolutionize traditional orchestral seating; so that woodwind and brass rather than strings predominate in the tonal balance; and to carry with him an enormous sounding board and canopy intended to intensify tone.

Many conductors have adopted a plan evolved by him many years ago of placing all the violins at his left hand, and the 'cellos at his right, where by usage the second violins used to sit. But I doubt whether many will adopt his latest blueprint.

Though the aggregate tonal quality was less beautiful than that of established symphony orchestras, in which the question of age plays no part, Stokowski's genius in attack, phrasing, accent, and the innumerable that constitute poetic expression of the higher order were never more apparent. It was a beautiful program vitalized in every measure: the ever-glorious Brahms' Symphony in C minor which has always been one of the conductor's favorites; Love-Music from *Tristan and Isolde* in which he is unsurpassed; and noble examples of Bach, the shorter Fugue in G minor, and *Ein feste Burg*. It roused all musical listeners to serene emotional exaltation.

Stewart Surpasses Himself

After a month of concerts, the 1941 Philharmonic Orchestra under Reginald Stewart, which provides the Promenade events at Varsity Arena, Toronto, has at last found itself. The rendering last week of the great masterpiece, Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C minor, was not only its finest achievement this season but the finest since the Proms began in 1934. This year circumstances compelled changes in personnel which created new problems, but the only irreparable loss (though the ability of his successor is plain) has been the great bassoonist Mr. Burghauer, who has gone to reside in New York. For the vacant desk of first flutist a gifted young soloist Gordon Day has been found. As previously stated, the Orchestra has a new concert master of much knowledge and ability in Samuel Hersenhoren; and a new 'cello leader, Philip Spivak, and in the rank and file quite a number of new faces have been noted.

Last week's concert showed that in four weeks Mr. Stewart has moulded his forces into a cohesive and brilliant instrument.



Wilbur Evans, baritone, soloist at the Promenade Concert, on June 5.

THE FILM PARADE

Isn't There Any Middle Way, Mr. Capra?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ies. They are always excellent actors and they always seem to act better for Capra than for anybody else. No wonder he's a success.

It's hard to say just how effective Mr. Capra's parable would have been without Gary Cooper to deflate its "message" and give both character and story exactly the right touch of abashed sincerity. The best moments of the picture however

were contributed by James Gleason as the deeply soused and patriotic city editor. It has been pointed out that the trick of appearing drunk on the screen is to act not like a sober man trying to appear drunk but like a drunk man attempting to appear sober. It's quite an art and Mr. Gleason's performance here is

about its highest expression.

Altogether "Meet John Doe" is wonderfully easy to watch and even up to a certain point to believe in. Certainly nothing could be more typical of this excitable continent than the John Doe organization. There's nothing apparently that we like better than to organize overnight into large enthusiastic groups devoted to immense vague purpose

and affiliated right across the country. And by the way whatever became of the Leadership League?

"I WANTED WINGS" is worth seeing, simply as a detailed and highly dramatic documentary on American air training and flight manoeuvres. It's really a wonderful show up to the point where it develops plot trouble. Then it's the old story of love coming in by the door and interest flying out the window. Ray Milland, William Holden and Wayne Morris are the pilots and Veronica Lake, a newcomer all emeshed in long golden hair is the blonde involved. Miss Lake is supposed to have great dramatic possibilities and may easily develop them if she can once fight free of her hair.



Promenette by Déjà

The cool, airy weave of this silky new fabric, at first glance, suggests Summer jersey. Its charming, fresh look is emphasized by field daisies that "grow" all over it. A delightful warm weather frock... a happy combination of graciousness and casualness.

DÉJÀ IS EXCLUSIVE WITH SIMPSON'S IN TORONTO AND MONTREAL

MEET JOHN DOE" may leave you wondering whether the John Does of the world with their child-like hearts and their passion for nation-wide organization are the hope of the menace of civilization. Director Capra himself seems at times to be in two minds on the question. At one moment he is urging the nation's citizens, via John Doe, to tear down their arbitrary divisions and all get together in one vast backyard of brotherly love. And at the next he is demonstrating ably what can happen to the organized John Does when the totalitarian thinkers come on the scene and the John Does are caught with their fences down. Isn't there any middle way, Mr. Capra? I think there is and I think my companion of the evening summed it up admirably on the way out. He said he'd like to get on good enough terms with his neighbors to be able to ask them to turn their radios off in the evening.

Neighborliness is the main theme of "Meet John Doe" but there are several others, including Christianity, freedom, patriotism and fascism. Messrs. Capra and Riskin might even have taken on Communism, i.e., once you start taking down your fences it becomes logical and a lot more fun to take down your neighbor's if the idea had occurred to them or there had been a little more time. In their eagerness to cover the whole modern problem the boys seem to have been ready to take on anything. It was a vast expanse of material and they went to it with a will. The trouble was they painted themselves into a corner instead of into the logical exit.

The logical ending of "Meet John Doe" to get away from figures, was to have Gary Cooper throw himself on Christmas Eve off a forty-storey building. But the Gary Cooper fans wouldn't stand for that. The alternative was to have him give up his martyrdom for the sake of his sweetheart; and naturally the affiliated John Does wouldn't stand for that. In the end they worked out a solution which was obviously intended to leave the audience so staggered and impressed that it wouldn't be

RETRIBUTION

STILL as of old,

Man by himself is priced,
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ.

Montreal, Que., DOROTHY SPROULE

able to figure out anything. John Doe goes off his martyrdom when Barbara Stanwyck points out that First John Doe had taken care of the problem for all time, nineteen hundred years ago. One is left a little in doubt about the logic, not to mention the propriety of this notion, but it certainly strikes a remarkable note in the end.

DIRECTOR CAPRA loves the common man, the innocent dope with a good deal of heart and a rather confused head. But engaging and persuasive as he is made, it is a little hard to take the typical Capra hero very seriously as leader and Messiah. "Meet John Doe" won't impress the skeptical as a piece of social thinking, and perhaps it is unfair to criticize it on that ground. Director Capra's first business is to be entertaining, and the first business of an entertainer is to avoid as far as possible disturbing profundities. Mr. Capra may not understand the American Problem (whatever it is) any better than the rest of us. But he does understand American feeling and temperament in its good nature and violence, its excitability and matter-of-factness, its belief and its cynicism. The result is that the assumptions of his films are right, even when his conclusions are fantastic; and his characters are authentic, if only as types, no matter how capriciously they behave. He is always in touch with his American public on the one hand, and his American material on the other, and he knows how to pick stories that are right for his public and actors who are right for his stories.

Himself

certs, the 1941... a under Reg... provides the... 'arsity Arena... and itself. The... of the great... Symphony No... only its finest... son but the... began in 1934... es compelled... which created... only prepar... ability of his... been the great... user, who has... York. For the... lutist a gifted... Day has been... y stated, the... concert master... and ability in... and a new... pivak, and in... e a number of... oted. showed that... Stewart has... to a cohesive... nt.

Blue Skies, Sunny Days and Lively Summer Attire



THE PICTURES

A California beach fancy is copied in this Canadian-made jumper beach suit (above, left). Celanese jersey, like the striped jumper, the bathing suit is matletex shirred to fit snugly. From the Robert Simpson Company.

There's a suggestion of military influence in this jacket ensemble with stripe and plain combined to give a fresh young look. The cool-to-the-touch rayon shantung, a summer favorite, has been approved for Courtaulds "Quality-Control." From John Northway.

Dinner check (below, left). Cotton organdie, whisper sheer, in a swirling skirt and shirtwaist bodice, bisected by a wide midriff. Plain white organdie for the dicky and cuffs. White organdie embossed in blue. Eaton's College-Street.

Digby Morton, famous British fashion designer, shows one way to be clever with Vivella plaid, by silhouetting the plaid all the way down the buttoned front.

This cool "go-everywhere" dress for town or country plays up huge pockets buttoned over the belt. The soft polka-dot rayon crepe has been approved for Courtaulds "Quality-Control". Elmslie Dress Shop.



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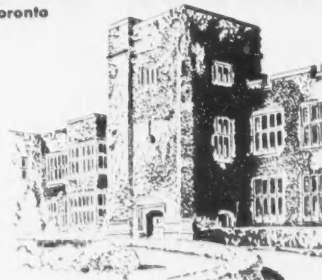


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THE DRESSING TABLE

Footloose and Fancy Free

BY ISABEL MORGAN

WE THINK it was Napoleon who once remarked that an army marches on its stomach, but a strong, healthy pair of feet is as important to the well-being of a soldier as a well-organized line of supplies. Many a man, otherwise fit, has been rejected by the army because of flat feet.

Women too, are making new discoveries about the value of a sound pair of feet. War work of all kinds—whether it be packing thousands of Red Cross boxes weekly to be sent to British prisoners of war, driving ambulances and transports, collecting salvage, or any of the hundred and one other activities which are women's contribution to the war effort, put a strain on the feet.

In all these activities the feet are so valuable that their comfort and well-being is not a luxury but a very real necessity.

No one pretends that low-heeled shoes are as attractive as shoes with slender two or three inch heels, and members of the medical profession have been railing for years about the dreadful things high heels do to those who wear them, but did we throw away our high-heeled shoes and go into flats because of the head-shakings among the medics? We did not. But now there's a war on in which every woman is expected to do her duty, and she's finding herself better able to do it in low-heeled shoes.

If, despite careful choice of well-fitting shoes and hosiery, the feet are sending "Attention, please," messages at the end of a long and arduous day, give them all the pampering they demand. If there is that awful feeling that your feet have grown too large for your shoes, better give them the good old hot and cold treatment. It's one that many ballet dancers use. Bathe them first with water as hot as you can stand, and then with icy cold water. This will put them

in dancing trim sooner than you think.

Skin tonic, the cooling, slightly astringent lotion you use on your face, will prove as beneficial for the feet. And an alcohol rub will prove to be wonderful. Scented talcum is a welcome extra flourish.

Beach Treatment

And haven't you often noticed how much prettier your feet are after a summer spent near a sandy beach? It's going barefoot as you walk about in the sand that does it. The sand acts as an abrasive which wears away any slight callous that has formed on the feet during the long months they have been confined in shoes. And of course, the sun and air treatment which is an incidental part of outdoor life is of enormous benefit to the tootsies.

A bit of frivolity—even though it be hidden by sturdy, low-heeled walking shoes—is not amiss even on feet that are going about the serious business of war work. So don't forego your usual pedicure. Colored toenails may not be in public evidence, still they can be a hidden source of satisfaction to the one who wears them. You may remember that even Mr. Hess was discovered to have them when he dropped in on the English. But you needn't let that prejudice you against them.

Hair Care

If you're going to do your swimming in salt water, you can spare yourself a lot of trouble with your hair by putting cream-set or brilliantine or any hair oil on the ends and rolling them up with pins before you take the plunge. But that's only for the few of you with tremendous will power. Most of us know that we should take such steps, but it's too much trouble. Or else we want to look attractive on the beach and feel self-conscious about appearing in curlers, no matter how cleverly they're disguised. So you go ahead

Away with double chin by standing as shown and then rolling the head smoothly from shoulder to shoulder.



and ruin your end-curly and moan about it afterwards. For salt water does wreak havoc with hair. You won't want to get your hair done any more often, either, because dryers are pretty unpleasant things to sit under when it's good and hot. The best things to remember are:

Get a good cap, the best you can; that will keep your troubles to a minimum. Have a good permanent, with your hair no longer than will be easily manageable. If you find the ends getting unduly dry, keep them in line with plenty of brilliantine, and set them each night with it. If the ends seem greasy or sticky—salt water often does that—use plain water, or even something drying, like cologne, to set them. Brush your hair as much as you can. You might be one of those who finds the dry shampoo a good way to overcome sea-water stickiness. And, if you really have a problem theme, steer clear of elaborate coiffures that will look silly if they fall down.

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"WHERE will we go for dinner?" said the pretty New Yorker. No one answered, probably because no one heard, so she tried again louder.

"Come on, let's get moving. It's seven o'clock and at 8.40 we are having our hearts torn out by Paul

BY JANET MARCH

Lukas. If we have to suffer all evening at 'Watch on the Rhine' let's put our biggest handkerchiefs in our bags and have a good square meal first."

"It's Gallagher's then," said at

least two voices, and Gallagher's it was. Probably a great many of you know it well, though not quite so well this last year, when getting to New York is something of a miracle. For those who have never gone happily in with a large appetite and come out replete, it is a restaurant whose refrigerator has glass walls, and is situated in the window. The only article of food in the refrigerator is beef steaks. They are there in their hundreds. It must be a horrid place for a vegetarian; or do they press their noses wistfully against the glass admiring the poison that is another man's meat? When you sit down to dinner at Gallagher's you can say Bobbie Burns' "Grace" with feeling—

"But we hae meat and we can eat
Sae let the Lord be thankit."

When your order comes there is more meat on one plate than you have ever seen before, and the prices on the menu are explained. It would be ruinous to cater for your own guests on a basis of a pound and a half of meat per person, but you'll get through it all, whatever you think at the start.

Probably most great cities have a restaurant dedicated to the glorification of the steak. An Austrian, who is now living in Canada, and who knew European capitals and their restaurants well, told me of one in Paris—"Near the abattoir, so it was convenient for the meat"—and another in Florence. He described the steaks in both places "So tender and soft they disappeared!" We have all been brought up to believe in the Anglo-Saxon love of good meat, but maybe the love of a steak is a good basis for internationalism. When we hear of the Frenchman abandoning his sauces and the Italian his spaghetti in favor of steaks—

What these masters of the beef steak do to their meat is a closed book. Tenderness is said to be a matter of hanging, an art which too many butchers ignore, selling today what shouldn't be touched till the next week, because there is a demand. If you buy the best quality and hang it the right length of time there you are, with steaks just like Gallagher's, only us poor housewives have no handsome refrigerator in the front window in which to do our own hanging, so we must pin our faith to the butcher. We can't live on steak alone, or if we do bankruptcy lies just around the corner, so here are a few other things to do with meat.

Ragoût de Veau

- 2 pounds of the breast of veal
- 2 onions
- 4 cloves of garlic
- 1 teaspoon of curry powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of bacon sliced thickly and cut up
- 1 can of tomato soup
- 1 quart of water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sherry or white wine
- Salt
- 3 tablespoons of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of mushrooms, cut up

Cut up the onion into small pieces, and then cut up the garlic and mash it. Cut the meat into inch and a half squares. Melt the butter in a large pan and when it is hot add the veal, bacon, onions and garlic and stir constantly to avoid burning, and cook till the onions and the meat are browned. Then add the water, the curry powder, and the tomato soup and wine and let the mixture simmer for about an hour. Add the mushrooms for the last fifteen minutes. One of the advantages of this dish is that it is one of those things which can be made by the maidless woman anytime during the day, and then reheated for dinner.

Collops

You must have heard of collops; I know I had but I never really knew what they were till quite late

which you will have to stir to stop it from cooking in lumps. When it has browned add the water, still stirring, and then add the Worcester sauce. Privately this is another recipe for good old hash, with a little bit of Scotch local color thrown in in the name.

Tomato Steak

This takes ages to cook, but it gets no attention while it is doing it, and when it is done you have your tables ready too, and all in one.

- 3 tablespoons of bacon fat
- 2 pounds of round steak, 2 inches thick
- 1 large onion
- 3 carrots
- 2 white turnips
- 2 cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- Salt and pepper

Melt the fat in the frying pan and then brown the meat in it on both sides. Put the steak in a large casserole, and cover over with the onion, carrots and turnips, all of which have been chopped up finely. Add the tomatoes and salt and pepper and then cover tightly and bake in a slow oven 275 degrees for three hours.

Here's hoping your meat bills drop, but there is nothing like a good steak. Gallagher's cooking saw us through all the horrors of "The Watch on the Rhine" without a tear, while the whole theatre sniffed and blew around us. Good food does something for the spirit!



Very much the mannequin in her beach outfit! The little backless dress of Nursery Vivella is in green over-checked with black and white. There is a little bolero in plain green piped with black to go with it.

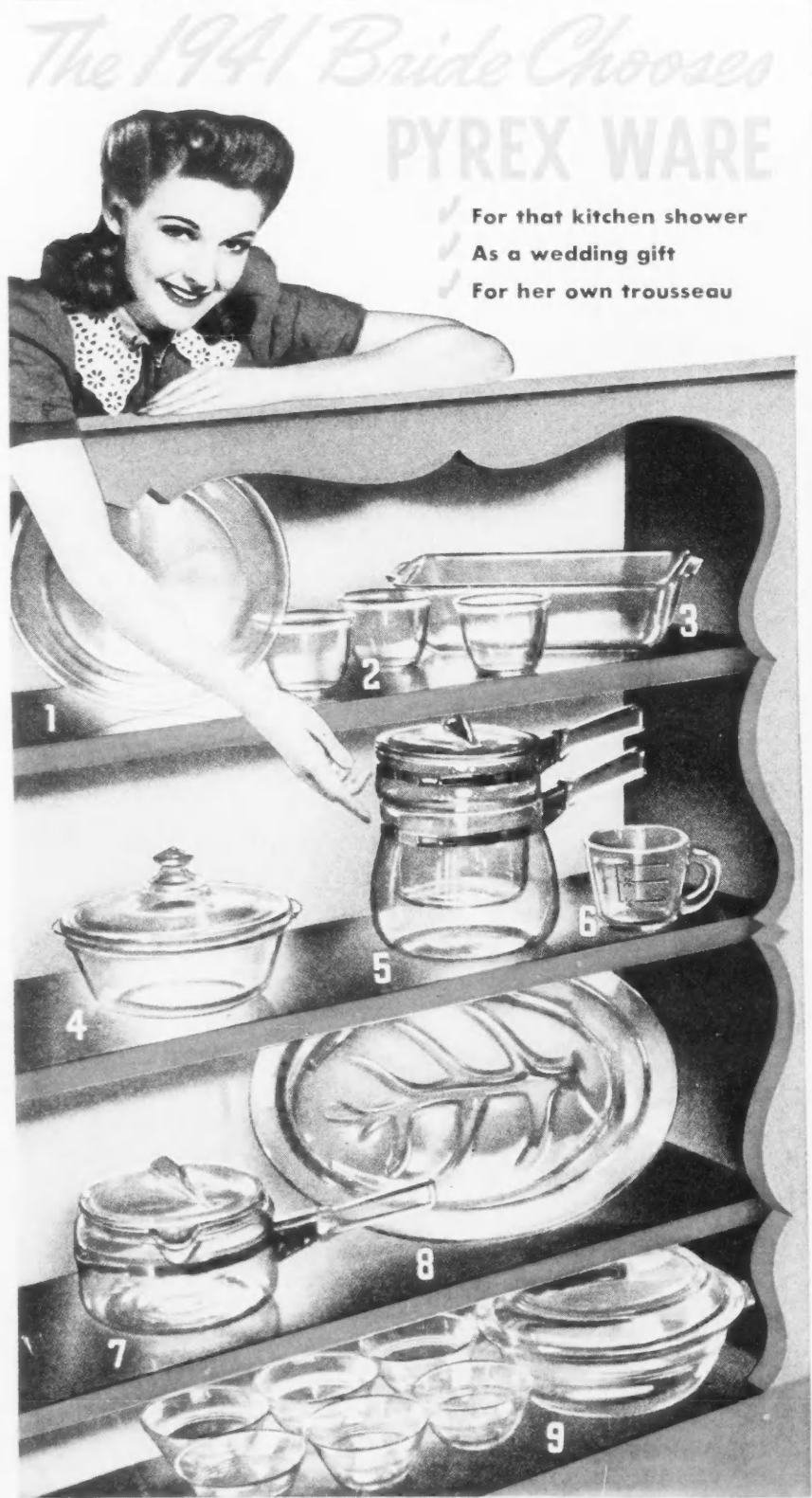
ly. They are an economical Scotch dish, very useful to serve towards the end of the month in that final fling of economy after three dinner parties on which you went rather fancy.

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of round steak minced
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cold water
- Salt, black pepper
- 3 tablespoons of bacon fat
- 5 tablespoons of flour
- 1 onion finely chopped
- Worcester Sauce

Sift the flour over the minced round steak and season the meat at the same time. Then add the chopped onion. Put the bacon grease in a frying pan and add the meat,

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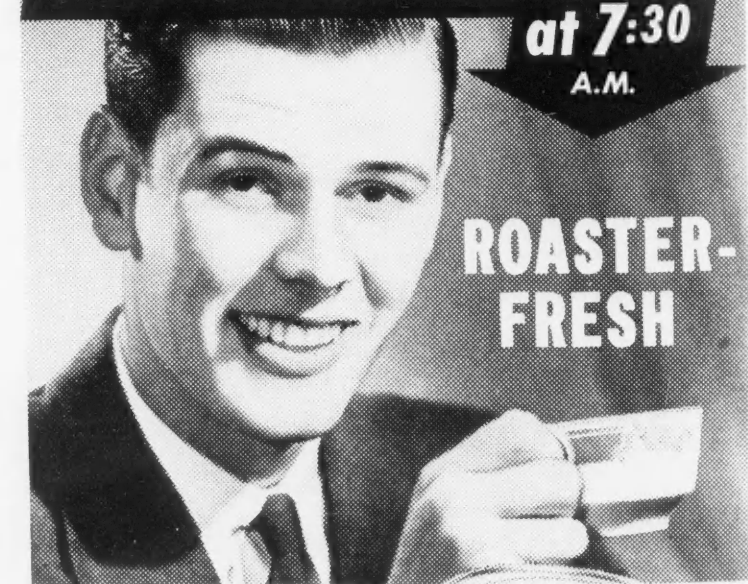
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"THE BACK PAGE"

My Jean And A Durham Pioneer

BY MARGARET WRONG

OUR Jean's knee high to a grass-hopper. She has dark hair that falls to her knees when she lets it down, and calm grey eyes. She's one of 14 children of a Glasgow miner, the only one that hasn't married. "I've had enough of bringing up children," she says. "I used to come home from school and find a new one. What, not another little squander!" I'd say, "Where did it come from?" "The doctor brought it," mother would answer me, and I'd say, "Please ask him not to bring any more, we've got enough and to spare!" Then when I was 14 they sent me to work on a farm and there I had to help the cows having calves. No, men are all right to joke with but I can't be bothered with marrying any of them."

Jean mothers our household, including the kitten who came early in November, and so is called "Franklin D." to commemorate the American election. Jean says it's a silly name and he answers better to Tibby.

She came to us because, when she got back from her holiday last September the blitz was at its height and her mistress had gone to the country for though our suburb is called a neutral area the Germans didn't seem to understand this, and were treating it in a most un-neutral manner.

Though Jean is in England her family in Scotland is never out of her mind. "My father went to the pit at 9 and retired at 65, and my eldest brother went down at 13. It's a hard life but they're used to it. My father didn't know what to do with himself when he retired so I set him up with a horse and cart to peddle vegetables and fruit. I was with an actress lady then and she said, 'Jean, don't you be such a fool spending the £50 you've saved,' but I just felt I had to do it. So I went back to Scotland and set him up. But my father wasn't satisfied with the old horse, though it was human like. It would stop itself at the customers' gates and wait so long, and then go on to the next. One day it got back with the cart before my father. My father came running along the road after it carrying things from the shop. He said it was hard if a man had to time himself by his horse, and he'd be the laughing stock of the neighbors, and anyway, it was too slow. So he changed the old horse for a faster one and it took fright and ran away, and the cart and vegetables went in every direction. So that was the end of the vegetable business. But now I've set him up with some hens and he's doing fine. He works two allotments and does A.R.P. too."

"They all wanted me to stay at home but I don't like the country so I've come back to London. When I was on my holiday they said, 'Well, Jean, are there any houses left standing in London?' 'Don't be silly,' I said, 'There are more standing than are down. What size do you suppose London is? Non-sense that's what you're talking.' When damage was done to our house I was away. Jean got me on the telephone. 'Madam,' said she, 'a bomb's gone off. Don't come home until I get things a little straight. Yes, it's a mess. I said to the policeman, 'What will the ladies say when they get back?' She met me in the road saying, 'I hate to have you come home to such a place. The windows are blown out and the doors are blown off, and there's a hole in the roof, and four ceilings are down. Come back to the house after dark.' The policeman said, 'You can't go on there. I doubt there's much left of the house.' I said, 'I'll be going all the same.' 'Be quick then,' says he, 'and whatever you do don't show a light.' And I said, 'Never you fear, there'll be no light.' And I lay down in the dark on the kitchen floor. Someone wandered round with a torch about five in the morning and the policeman came at 5.30. He said, 'You're a woman of courage to stay

here alone.' But what would he have had me do, with the house all open and you away? I said to him, 'None of your blather about courage, if you're for a bomb that's that, and if you believe in God, what does it matter whether you're alive or dead?' "The soldiers are doing fine with the cleaning up. Will it be all right Madam, if I give them some tea in the morning? One's a nice wee lad from Scotland, and most of the others are from the North."

"MOTHER said I was to be sure and see you both if I came to London," said a stalwart young man in battle dress, whose north country speech was pleasant to the ear. "I'm a Pioneer and I've been three weeks in London helping to clean up the mess. You know me don't you, I'm Dick."

A winter's day 12 years ago came to mind. A bitter wind was blowing from the North Sea down the street of a colliery town in County Durham. Two small boys without either coats or sweaters were playing in front of a row of miners' cottages. In answer to my enquiry they took me to one where a pinched looking man came forward to know my business. A woman sitting by the fire did not stir. The man glanced at her. "You must excuse the mistress for not rising," he said, "she's nearly blind and can't rightly find her way about yet. Now Dick and Wilfred, say how-do-you-do to the lady. She's a friend of the one who called the other day." So this tall young man was Dick, who 12 years ago

POET SONG

THIS is not ours
These building heights that rise
grimly
With shabby crash of trucks.

Held down, kept close,
With the cold grip of winter rumbling,
The sky seen faintly beyond roofs,
We shall yet find paths,
Calm ways to starlight.

This is not ours!
Yet, in clear song,
Even among ashes and rust,
We may burn unhindered with ache
and flow,
Breasting wide mockery
To give treasures and deep nourishment
Through open gates.

Toronto, Ont. ALAN CREIGHTON.

had been fainting in school for lack of food, when the pit was closed down, miners were sitting idle at home and the school had not the funds to supply free meals to all in need.

We had kept in touch since that day. When the pit reopened a letter came telling the good news and adding, "Mind you let us know at any time if you are in need." Each Christmas a cake baked by "the mistress" arrives. Even this year it came and we did not like to think how depleted by the making of it must be the family ration of sugar. "So you've still got some of Mum's cake," said Dick, surveying the tea table. "I shouldn't be eating it. I can tell you there's a grand to-do the day Mum bakes it, it's 'Now don't bother me! Shut that door! Don't go near the oven! Don't you know I'm making the cake?' She does it all herself. The classes for the blind have done wonders for her. She finds her way about and laughs at us if we stumble in the blackout, and reads fine with her fingers."

Dick, grown up and a Pioneer, showed no sign of underfeeding. "Father says I'm getting fat. I've put on a stone since joining up. The food's fine. What's the life in the army like? Well, being a Pioneer's just child's play to work at the pit. Though it's hard on the collar-and-tie blokes who don't know a pick

from a shovel. Some look down on us Pioneers. I don't see why. London would be in a bad way these days without us. I tell you after what I've seen here I'm all for being in the open when bombs are falling. The other day we had to dig people out of a cellar. We got two out all right. Alive? Lord bless you no. Dead. I meant they were whole, not in pieces. They call for volunteers for those jobs. Some of the lads can't stand it and look the other way when the call comes. I'm all right for I got used to things at the pit. Miners do."

"A queer thing happened to me in the street the other day. I passed a

French officer and saluted of course. A minute after someone ran after me and tapped me on the shoulder, and there he was jabbering at me. What do you think? He was thanking me for saluting him. Said lots of us despised them since the collapse of France. He was alone, poor chap. Spoke very little English. Of course we ought to salute French officers. They're in it too and having a tough time. No word of their families either. I'm going on leave next week. My officer says I must have it then for we've a concert coming on and I play solos on the accordion and lead the community singing, can't do without me, he says."

"You know, for people like me who are poor and haven't had too good a chance the army's not a bad thing. I know conscription comes hard on those who are better off, but it's the right thing. We're all in it together and have to see it through. And after the war I take it lots of coal will be needed, and there'll be jobs for us, don't you think?"

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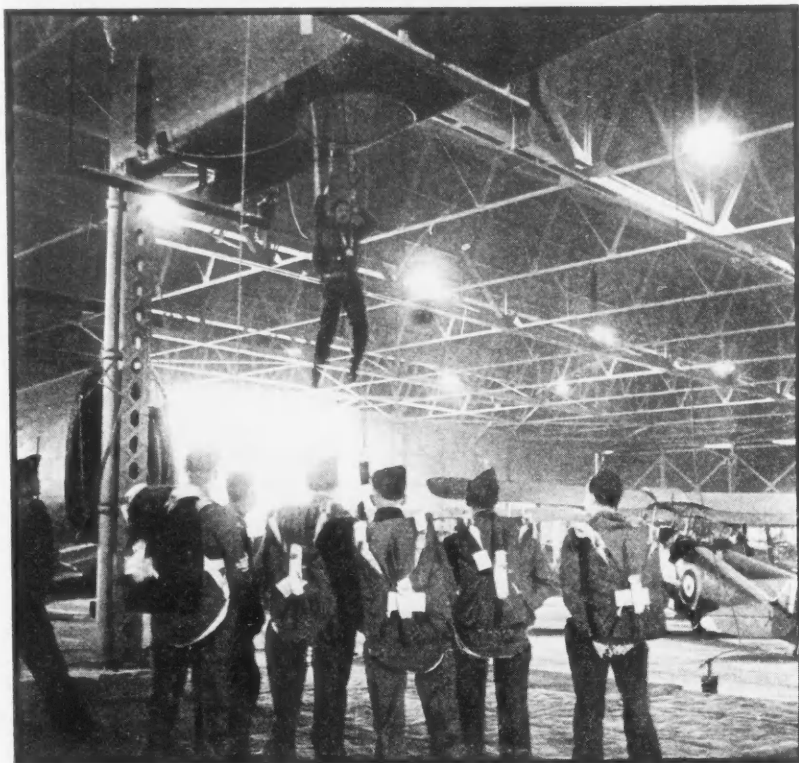
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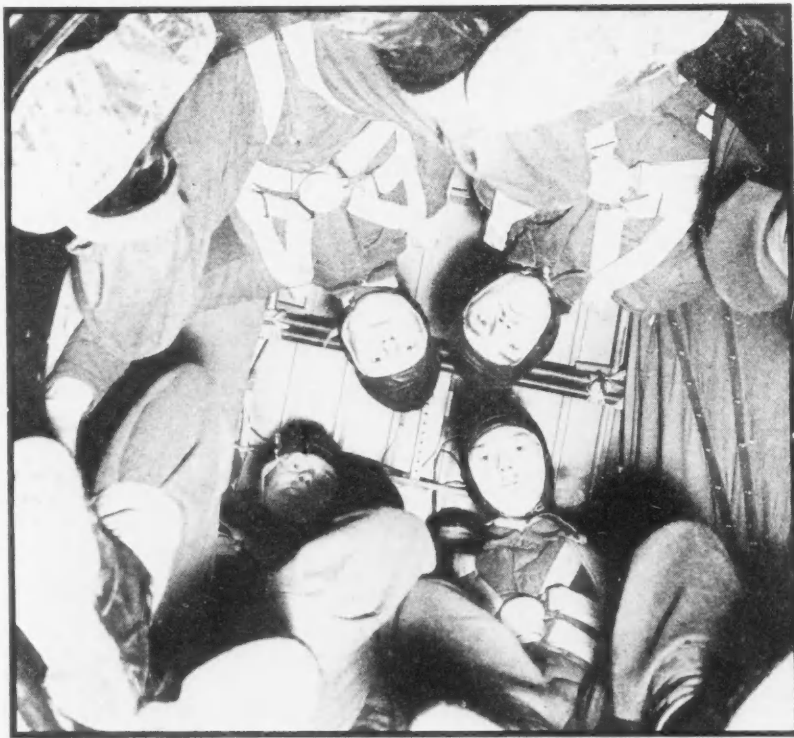
BEACH SHOP—MAIN STORE—FOURTH FLOOR

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Wartime Bank Credit Expansion in Great Britain



Quick to seize upon the importance of parachute troops in the modern army, Britain has been training men in this hazardous service. Here a group watches a comrade as he jumps from a dummy fuselage. A counter-balance weight allows him to fall at the same speed as a real jump.



A group of Britain's "Air Infantry" or paratroops looks through the hole in the fuselage through which they jump. Landed by air behind enemy lines, these troops are trained to disrupt vital lines of communication, or to seize and hold air fields until reinforcements come.



Paratroops practice the "real thing" over England. On February 10 and 11 British paratroops were dropped in the south of Italy and succeeded in wrecking Italian communications. German troops dropped on Crete have been in Anzac uniforms. Britain warned that they "would be shot".

IT IS probably true to say that any country at war will be suspected of inflationary banking action, and any critical enquiry into the monetary aspects of the British war effort could not avoid a questioning glance at the rising volume of bank deposits. Where the cheque is a commonly accepted means of payment (and Great Britain is such a country) then the fact that the public is being given an increased supply of purchasing power will readily emerge from the deposit totals of the popular banks.

Thus it might be argued that a monetary expansion of some magnitude has now taken place, seeing that the "Clearing" banks showed total deposits at the end of 1940 of £2,800 millions, these having undergone a 14½% increase on comparable figures at the end of 1939. It would be reasonable to assume that two questions might be asked of some importance to the public; the first is, why was an inflation of deposits to the tune of £360 millions necessary, and the second, why were the banks allowed to supply that amount of credit, seeing that they, as profit-making institutions, would normally make a profit out of their credit-creations.

The facts before us so far are very bare, and somewhat misleading. Money is not a statue, but a living

In Britain, where there is a good deal of concern over the general trend toward inflation, it has been noted that bank deposits are rising and that the public is thereby being given an increased volume of purchasing power, at the same time that the supply of consumer goods is declining.

But Mr. Holgate, a well-known British writer on banking and economic subjects, points out that the circulation of deposits actually decreased somewhat in 1940 as against 1939. This was partly due to business dislocations caused by the war.

But in any case, he says, the strains of war call for a more rapid turnover of goods now than in peacetime, and the banks must supply credit where it is needed. And credit is preferable to enlarging the volume of currency in circulation.

organism in the body economic. Thus the existence of a bank deposit is not of itself money—it only deserves that name when it begins to circulate. For that reason the amount of bank credit in being at any particular point of time has less significance than most people think. In point of fact, the year 1940 should be examined against the year 1939 on the relative use of money, i.e., the average amount of money in being, multiplied by its velocity of circulation.

If we take the monthly averages of the banks during 1939 and 1940 we find (in round figures) that the

former was about £2250 millions and the latter, £2500 millions, an increase of only £250 millions—something over 11%, and not 14½% as at the 31st December in each year. Then again, the totals of the "Clearing of Cheques, etc." were respectively £36,700 millions and £40,000 millions. By dividing these totals by the appropriate number of days comprised in the yearly aggregates of clearings, and then by the deposit averages just mentioned, we see that whereas in 1939 the deposits were turned over approximately 16½ times, in 1940 they were only circulated about 15½ times (1939 had 395

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

It's Up To You And Me

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE third big Loan drive of this war starts next Monday. This time the Government is asking for \$600 millions. That's twice the amount of the last loan and three times the amount of the one before that. \$600 millions sounds like a great deal of money. But it isn't really, for Canada. In 1918 and again in 1919 the Government received around \$600 millions when, each time, it had asked only for \$300 millions. So what's \$600 millions in 1941, when our population, our national wealth and our national income are so much larger?

In fact, there's no question at all as to our collective ability to give our Government the sum it needs—the amount of the people's bank deposits (as revealed in the returns of the chartered banks) prove that point. The only question is as to our willingness to do so—meaning our readiness to make such changes and adjustments in our normal way of life as may be necessary. Are we willing are you and I willing to make whatever personal sacrifice is required to win this war? For Canadians, as for other Britishers, there's surely only one answer to that.

It seems to me that there are several simple points about the Loan which need to be kept in mind. I spoke just now of willingness to sacrifice, but really it isn't much of a sacrifice. The money we put into Victory Loan bonds isn't gone and out of the picture; it is only transformed from a current expenditure into a long-term asset. We refrain from spending the money now and build up a reserve against the future. And when we buy Dominion of Canada bonds, we are putting our money into the safest investment in the world.

Canada is World's Richest Country

That statement isn't loan propaganda; it is simple fact. Two or three years ago the economic bureau of the League of Nations made a comparative survey of the wealth and resources of the world's countries and placed Canada at the top of the list. This Dominion of ours was stated by this world authority to be the richest of all countries. That's something to have behind our war effort and our war loans. In Canada itself, what investment will be good if Dominion bonds are not? Remember that Dominion taxes are the first charge on the earnings of industry and trade. Obviously money in the bank is no safer than Dominion bonds, since the credit of the Dominion is the security behind both.

Another point to remember is that this is *our* war, yours and mine, not just the Government's. Our Government didn't want this war any more than the British Government did. The Government is a committee of citizens elected to manage the nation's affairs; it had a war emergency thrust upon it. It is handling a very tough job, for us. It is going to spend this money to win our war. So we shouldn't think we're being generous and virtuous when we buy bonds. It's up to us, you and me. If we don't buy when we can, we're shirkers.

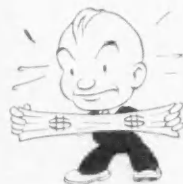
Then too, there is no room for doubt now (if there ever was any) as to what we're fighting for in this war. We're fighting to beat Hitler, to squash Hitlerism. If we fail to do that, Hitler will conquer and dominate the world, including North America, even if he does not physically invade this continent.

Shall We Live on Hitler's Terms?

Hitler has made it perfectly clear, by his actions as well as words, that this is his objective. If he succeeds, we shall live only on his terms, whether we've invaded or not. When we entered this war we Canadians thought we were aiding Britain, as a loyal member of the Commonwealth; now we know that the war is as truly Canada's as it is Britain's. In fact, it is also the United States' war, and our cause will soon be enormously strengthened by the entry of that country as a full combatant.

We must all of us feel individually as well as collectively responsible for the success of this loan. It is just as much an individual obligation as our personal debts. This loan is an opportunity for the people of this democracy to show that they can do as thorough a job voluntarily as the people of Germany would do it under duress. In this loan, as in our whole war effort, it is up to us to do as much as we can, not merely make a gesture. We must do more than the minimum.

Many individuals and business firms are giving us a splendid lead in this respect. Note, for example, the patriotic contribution made by those companies already heavily taxed, who are donating Victory Bond advertisements to help the cause, a fine example of which was the advertisement by General Motors in our last issue. Heads of important organizations are giving all or most of their time to aid the loan. Lesser people are making equal sacrifices. The rest of us have got to contribute in the same spirit, in proportion to our means. We must all do our part. If we do, success is sure.



and 1940, 310 banking days).

We are now in a position to state the case for an increase in the volume of bank credit. The strain of war calls for a far more rapid turnover of goods than is needful in peace time. If the volume of money remains unchanged, then the speed at which it circulates must be accelerated to keep pace with the good. But in the event, its rate of turnover declined, as our calculations clearly demonstrate. Part of this slowing-up may have been due to slight delays in the mails at odd times when aerial operations against the country affected the sorting and transporting of mails; but it is more probable that the switch from peaceful production to the making of munitions and martial equipment of all kinds was not effected without some dislocations, during which time firms and individuals had idle funds upon which they were not making their usual drawings.

This left the banks with no option other than that of making such advances as were required by the government in order to fill the gap. Of the £360 millions additional money in existence at the end of 1940 £331½ millions had found its way into the new Treasury Deposit Receipts, and investments in Government Securities had shown a marked upward trend, more than adequate to absorb the balance.

Self-Liquidation

With these facts before us we are in a position to say that what the banks have done is to see that where the business life of the nation needs more money, they have applied it. Credit that ebbs and flows with the requirements of trade cannot be objected to, and indeed, it is the one phase of banking that cannot be criticized even by the keenest monetary heretic.

In the nature of things it is best that as far as possible any new money should be self-liquidating. That is, it should return to the issuer once its work is done. For this reason it should not be considered desirable to over-enlarge the volume of domestic currency in circulation, for withdrawal of this kind of money is technically a delicate operation. Yet there are many who would deprecate the expansion of bank credit on the ground that it enables the banks to make a fortuitous profit out of the nation's dire needs in wartime. This brings us to our second question.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE direct tax of 15 per cent which Canada has imposed on dividends which United States holders receive from shares in Canadian companies is a big step toward a closed national economy. If we desire our neighbors to invest in our mines we should not impose such a tax. If we desire American capital to stay out, we should not only impose a 15 per cent tax but a 50 per cent or possibly 100 per cent tax.

It seems puerile to suggest, as some politicians do, that our friends know we need added dollars with which to carry on our war of self preservation. An investor will submit to taxation imposed by the government of his own country. He has no other recourse. But an investor will not submit to direct taxation by the government of a foreign country, not if he can possibly avoid it.

When Canada imposed the tax of 15 per cent and the government of the United States retaliated with a tax of 16½ per cent on dividends which Canadians receive from stocks sold in the United States, the long step toward closed national economy was made. In this exchange of blows, which may well prove to be just the preliminary slaps in the contest, Canada may stand to derive some financial gain. Such gain, however, will not be particularly great. Moreover, the gain established will possibly be found to be only of the immediate variety. There is danger

The fiscal arrangements in Great Britain are such as to afford a complete answer to the critics of banking expansion. All firms pay 100% Excess Profits Duty and the banks cannot retain any additional profits that might accrue to them from their operations during the war. One gathers that the chief grumble against the banks is that they endeavor to cover their expenses (such as arise from the fact that they have more money to administer) out of the new credit creations, and on this point the banks can claim, quite justifiably, to be heard.

Banking expenses can be divided into two broad classes; first, the interest paid to depositors for the use of the funds (about half the British bank deposits fall into this class) and secondly, those other costs, mainly of collecting cheques, book-keeping, and administration. Actually, since bank charges are fairly uniform throughout the banking system, the chief form that competition takes is that of offering a large variety of free services too numerous to mention here, but inclusive of such things as providing statistical and credit information, etc. Except for possibly the unremunerative 2½% usually paid to small, "thrift" or "savings" depositors, interest expense is the least of all expenses.

Yet of the new money now available, about 20% and often more is locked up in Cash, Items in Transit and Call Money, earning practically no interest; the balance, as we have seen, drifts mainly into Treasury Deposits earning, at the moment, 1½% per annum. And this occurs at a time when the commercial management of the country is drifting into the hands of the State, making Advances to private enterprise decline, only to be replaced by Investments in State loans at 2½% and 3%. It is no small matter that on some £96 millions of their money the profitable Advances figure has receded for the Clearing Banks.

Banking is an important social institution, which, in war time, shoulders a very heavy responsibility with small chance of making "a good thing" out of it. Generally speaking, the great mass of the people in Great Britain barely notice the working of the financial machinery, for it has taken up its heavy loads without perceptible strain. To those whose technical capacity has made this possible the silent acquiescence of the public is as nice a compliment as any they are likely to receive.

of not only discouraging further investment in Canadian enterprise, but, also, the prospect of gradual liquidation of present holdings.

Capital from the United States has played a leading part in establishing great mining enterprises in Canada. They have been willing to gamble. In many instances they have lost, while in others they have gained. We, in our turn, encouraged them to gamble and to invest. We have shown our appreciation, and we have won their confidence. It is a pitiful commentary upon the wisdom of our present government that this relationship should now be so violently disturbed.

It is not that corporations themselves should be exempted from taxation simply because they may be controlled by or may have American shareholders. The heavy taxation which applies to the corporation itself takes care of that. It is only necessary to point toward Hollinger making provision for possibly \$4,000,000 annually in taxation before even considering dividend payments, or International Nickel Company of Canada making a tax provision of around \$25,000,000 a year before considering dividend disbursements to its stockholders. This is understandable, but the latest crack of a 15% direct tax on dividends is not.

Canada is a young country. Our resources cry for development. Out-

side capital is one of our paramount needs. Why, therefore, should we not nurture the relationship so painstakingly established by men of foresight?

Lake Shore Mines will pay a dividend of 35 cents per share on May 15. This is a reduction from the quarterly rate of 50 cents per share previously prevailing. Basing estimates on current performance, however, the indications are that the rate of 50 cents per share may be resumed for the coming quarter.

Uchi Gold Mines announce a miscalculation in tonnage of ore as well as average gold content of the ore. Since going into production in 1939 a net loss of \$62,040 has been incurred. The bonded indebtedness is \$1,000,000, added to which are loans aggregating \$350,000.

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DIVIDEND NO. 7

NOTICE is hereby given that a regular quarterly dividend of five cents per share, plus an extra dividend of two and a half cents per share, making a total of seven and a half cents per share, has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, July 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1941.

By Order of the Board,
L. I. HALL,
Secretary.
Toronto, May 20th, 1941.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash
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Chartered Accountants
E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS
Authorized Trustees and Receivers.
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SATURDAY NIGHT

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

LAKE SULPHITE

Editor Gold & Dross:

I am holding some of the common stock of Lake Sulphite Pulp Company which I bought in 1937 at \$26.50 per share. Will you please tell me what the outlook for this company is? Just what is the position of us common stock holders?

O. N. S., Toronto, Ont.

Controversial, and I'll tell you why. Recently a group of Michigan paper mills whose raw material is sulphite pulp made an interesting proposal: to supply the necessary funds for the completion of the Lake Sulphite mill at Nipigon; and already the group has made an offer of securities in a new company to the noteholders, shareholders and creditors of Lake Sulphite.

I understand that the proposal envisages the formation of a new company in which the senior security would be \$4,000,000 of 5 per cent first mortgage bonds. After them would rank 30,000 shares of 6 per cent preferred stock of \$25 par value and 100,000 shares of no par common stock. The bond issue would be underwritten by the new interests with the expectation that a good block of it could be disposed of in Canada on the understanding that the interested mills would take the pulp output. Estimations are that it would require some \$3,000,000 to put the mill in working order with a capacity of 250 tons daily, or 75,000 tons annually.

The assets of Lake Sulphite Pulp would be acquired mainly by giving new securities to unsecured creditors whose claims amount to some \$2,000,000; note holders who have claims of a little over \$1,000,000; and common shareholders like yourself who, in all, purchased 150,007 shares of the stock. The new interests would retain a control of the company by hanging onto 51,000 shares of the common; the balance would be distributed between noteholders, shareholders and creditors.

The contention arises between the noteholders and shareholders as to the relative claims each can make to this new common stock. I understand that the noteholders are inclined to stand upon their preferred position as senior security holders; the shareholders, who supplied over three times the amount of capital put up by noteholders for the company's development, feel that their claim ranks at least on a par with the former's.

So that right now, as you can appreciate, it is a little difficult to apprise the common shareholder's position, beyond saying that it seems to have improved.

SPLIT LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please advise me if shares of Split Lake Gold Mines have any value at the present time, also as to the future prospects of this company.

T. M. S., Kentville, N.S.

No market exists at present for shares of Split Lake Gold Mines. Unlisted brokers advise the shares are offered at 1 cent with no bid. The future prospects do not appear very promising, as exploration of its holdings offered little encouragement.

The company is inactive but yet holds two properties in northwestern Ontario. Machinery and equipment, however, was seized last year by the Canadian Credit Men's Association and partly sold to satisfy creditors.

A shaft was sunk to 350 feet on the group of claims in the Kenora district and lateral work on three levels gave inconclusive results. On the Bigstone Bay property, in the Lake of the Woods area, a shaft was put down to 200 feet and results here also were disappointing. Three veins were reported, but no important vein structures were disclosed and the company was unable to raise finances to continue development.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

MARKET PREPARING TO ADVANCE

Until and unless the Dow-Jones rail and industrial averages jointly sell above the November rally points Industrials 138.12, Rails 30.29, prior to jointly breaking the 1940 low points, technical confirmation will be lacking that a bull market is under way.

In the meantime, numerous indications are present suggesting that the market is in process of forming a base for substantial advance. Market unresponsiveness to adverse news developments, recent divergent action of the rail and industrial averages, and relatively low volumes at current depressed levels are among these more prominent evidences.

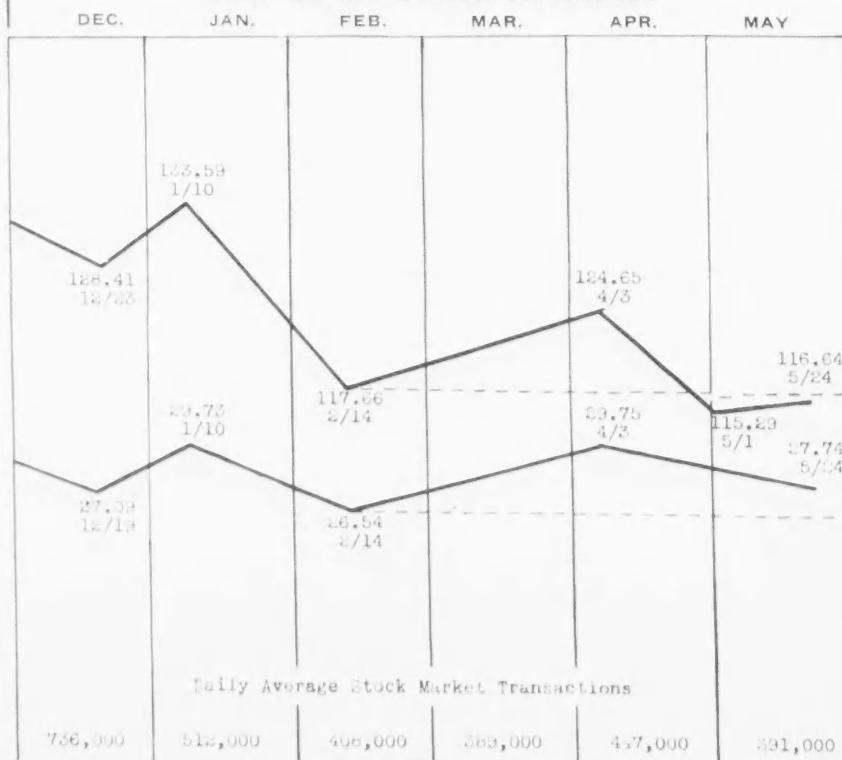
Thus, while it is not yet certain that last year's lows will not be more fully tested, the market, on the basis of the previously discussed technical indications, would, nevertheless, seem to be in a general purchasing area. Furthermore, earnings, even after allowing for materially increased taxes in 1941, are relatively high in terms of stock prices and yields are favorable.

THE UNCERTAINTY ABOUT BRITAIN

Chief barrier at this time to recognition by the market of the earnings and yield considerations is undoubtedly the continuing uncertainty over Britain. When and as evidences accumulate that the British can successfully hold off Hitler during the current year, it is not unlikely that stocks will then respond to some of the favorable domestic factors. It is rather interesting, in this connection, that the British stock market, over recent months, has given a relatively better performance than the American market.

From a near-term approach the averages remain in a narrow groove. A decisive move through the early April peaks would fully confirm a sold-out condition of the market, suggesting a sizable rally. Conversely, decisive downside penetrations by both averages of the February low points would indicate a full test of last summer's low points.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1 3/4%), being at the rate of Seven percent (7%) per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of May, 1941.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Valleyfield, May 21st 41.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%), has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of May, 1941.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Valleyfield, May 21st 41.

DOMINION TEXTILE CO. Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A Dividend of One and one-half percent (1 1/2%) per annum, has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th June, 1941, payable 15th July, 1941, to shareholders of record 14th June, 1941.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, May 21st, 1941.

DOMINION TEXTILE CO. Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A Dividend of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents (\$1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th June, 1941, payable 2nd July, 1941, to shareholders of record 14th June, 1941.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, May 21st, 1941.

GOLD & DROSS

ASBESTOS CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What do you think of the common stock of Asbestos Corporation, Limited? I am holding some and have been advised to sell on the grounds that the company's markets are greatly restricted now that war has broken out. Please advise me.

—M. A. D., Quebec, Que.

I wouldn't sell my Asbestos Corporation stock if I were you; it seems to me that it has above-average appreciation possibilities. Shipments abroad have been seriously curtailed, but new markets are being opened up on this continent and should be further broadened when the United States' armament program is in full swing. Already sales south of the border have expanded encouragingly.

Because of the War, markets abroad were upset during 1940 with the result that earnings fell off to

\$1.21 per share, as compared with \$2.13 in 1939 and \$10.25 per share in 1938. The immediate outlook is for an improvement over 1940. While it is to be expected that it will be some time before plant capacities of consumers in the United States can be expanded to compensate fully for the loss of English and European business, progress is being made. Evidence of this is the fact that directors recently continued the usual 15-cents-per-share regular dividend, plus the 15 cent bonus for the second quarter. I understand that English orders are substantial but cannot be filled for lack of bottoms.

Asbestos Corporation, Limited, is engaged in mining and milling asbestos fibre which it treats and sells to manufacturers in a commercial state. The output, estimated at about 25 per cent of total Canadian production, is sold to a wide variety of industries.

SHERITT GORDON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please let me have your comments on Sherritt Gordon and the likelihood of the present dividend return being continued.

—B. H., Quebec, Que.

It is impossible to state just what return would be safe to rely on in the case of Sherritt Gordon Mines. At the annual meeting in March it was stated that if nothing unexpected happened shareholders could anticipate a dividend this year and an interim payment of five cents has been declared payable June 25 to holders of record May 23. While ten cents a share was distributed last year this was largely from surplus, as net earnings were barely three cents a share. A good operating profit is being made but the net is small after write-offs.

The Sherritt Gordon situation is an interesting one. Minewise developments continue favorable and diamond drilling has substantially lengthened the ore. Ore reserves are estimated as sufficient for about eight years' milling. The company has a strong working capital position, this being increased last year to \$1,870,209. Practically all the company's revenue comes from copper which is being sold to the United Kingdom at a price under world quotations. The company has been seeking a gold property, and a new company is being formed to take over a gold prospect about 60 miles from Sherridon.

ST. JAMES MUNICIPALITY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

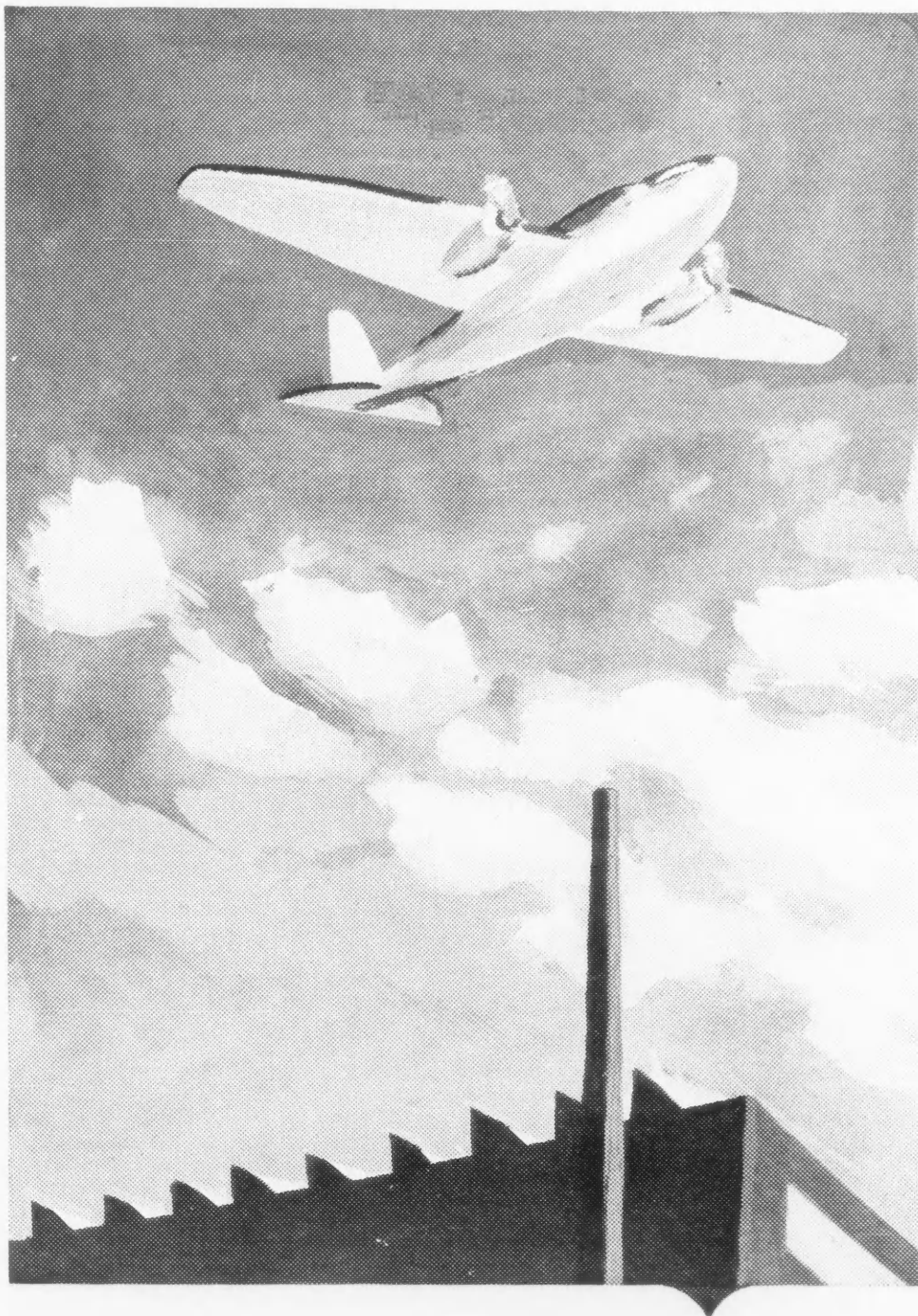
I am holding a bond of the rural municipality of St. James, Manitoba. Can you tell me what it is worth? What is the future for these bonds?

T. O. E., Lindsay, Ont.

Bonds of the Rural Municipality of St. James are highly speculative. They are quoted currently at 27.

I think that the municipality has expanded too rapidly and that its burden of debt is too heavy for it; it has a population of 13,000 spread over an area of 8 square miles. I would say that bondholders will have to wait indefinitely for an improvement in their bonds or that the debt will have to be adjusted in some way.

To give you an idea of how St. James compares with other municipalities, I looked up some figures. For instance, St. James has an assessed value for taxation of \$3,682,000 and a gross debenture debt of \$3,666,000. Oak Bay, British Columbia, a municipality in a comparatively sound position, has an assessed value for taxation of \$7,370,000 and a gross debenture debt of only \$681,000. Kingston, Ontario, has an assessed value for taxation of \$27,000,000 and a gross debenture debt of only \$2,906,000. I think that the foregoing comparison will give you a better idea of just how this issue stands in relation to other municipalities and will permit you to judge better of the value of your bonds.



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What can you do to provide the planes, to train and equip our airmen for battle?

You can provide the money, by watching every penny you spend, by saving all you can. Personal thrift is vitally necessary now. Every dollar you can spare is needed for Canada's War effort. Buy Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. Build up your savings account. Set aside some money each month to meet the war taxes which must be paid later. We have a job on our hands. Let's finish it.

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Insurance Company
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TORONTO

WHILE most people are more or less familiar with the efficient methods employed by insurance companies and their agents to collect outstanding premiums on their policies, by no means so well known are the pains taken and the efforts made by some companies to trace lost or strayed policyholders in order to pay them or their beneficiaries the money to which they are entitled, although they may be entirely unaware that they have anything at all coming to them.

It may seem strange that a person should have a sum of money standing to his credit with an insurance company and not take steps to collect it promptly, or that there should be any difficulty on the part of the company in locating the policyholder and making the payment. But the fact is that although the companies as a rule do the best they can to keep in touch with their hosts of policyholders, including those with paid up policies who have no further payments to make, there apparently will always be a certain number of them whose whereabouts for one reason or

ABOUT INSURANCE

Search for Lost Policy Owners

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Nowadays the life insurance companies often go to considerable expense to locate policyholders whose whereabouts have become unknown, in order to pay them unclaimed dividends or other values standing to their credit on the books of the companies, or, if they are not in the land of the living, to pay the money to their beneficiaries or those rightly entitled to it.

This valuable service undoubtedly increases public confidence not only in the individual companies performing it but also in the institution of life insurance itself.

another become unknown to the companies carrying their insurance. Undoubtedly some of these policyholders have moved away in order to get a fresh start and to leave the

past entirely behind them; others have strayed from place to place in search of work or a change of environment; while others listed on the books as of unknown address have in all probability died years ago without relatives or friends aware of any insurance policy being in force or any insurance money remaining to their credit. There are others who have simply disappeared, leaving no clue,

Efforts Continue

Still the companies in many cases continue their search, so that the money standing to the credit of policyholders, even though unclaimed, will not remain unpaid solely because the present address is unknown. These continuing efforts to locate missing policyholders or their beneficiaries unquestionably tend to inspire greater confidence on the part of the public not only in the companies making them but in the institution of life insurance itself.

Lost or strayed policyholders may roughly be said to include those who move away without leaving any forwarding address; those who die but of whose death the company is not aware and has not been advised; those who drop their policies and discontinue premium payments believing there is no value left in them; those who die without their relatives or beneficiaries knowing of the insurance; those who borrow on their policies and think the value has been entirely exhausted; those who own paid up policies but whose whereabouts are unknown; those who have accumulated dividends to their credit but who have made no claim for them; and those who make no response to repeated communications sent to them.

As a consequence there is in the aggregate a large sum carried as a liability on the books of the companies for which no claim has been made or likely ever will be made unless the companies through search and inquiry find those who are entitled to the money and see that it is paid to them.

Duty of Company

It has been contended that it is the duty of an insurance company, after issuing a policy, to keep in touch with the insured, and that, if it doesn't, it is a reflection on the company's business methods. With regard to this contention, it has been admitted by a prominent insurance official that in connection with premium-paying policies there would seem to be little or no excuse for an imperfect record of an insured's address during the premium-paying period.

But in the case of paid up participating policies, it must be assumed, according to this official, that the insured would interest himself sufficiently to keep the company informed of his whereabouts so that he might receive dividends as they accrue, while in the case of paid up non-participating policies, a life company can plead that its lack of knowledge of the insured's address is as much his fault as its own.

Although a life insurance company is usually content to assume that a policyholder is living until he is proven to be dead, it is admitted that it might be well for the company, in order to make it clear that it is not intentionally acting as a depository



A fortnight ago London suffered its most severe bombing raid of the War. Here is the damage done to one part of the House of Commons.

for unclaimed funds, to take steps to ascertain from time to time how many living policyholders, according to its records, have actually passed out of the land of the living.

Reference has been made before to the exhaustive search for lost policyholders inaugurated back in 1911 by the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, generally regarded as the first of its kind ever undertaken by a life insurance company in America. As an experiment to determine whether a more exhaustive search should be launched, inquiries were made concerning policies in force on the lives of persons who, if living, had reached the age of 80 years or over, and whose addresses were unknown.

Policies Paid

Some of the policyholders sought were found to be still living, a few having reached the age of 90 or over. A fair proportion, it was discovered,

had died, and on proper proof of death the amounts of their policies were paid. Out of this experimental inquiry has grown the general careful and systematic search which goes on today in order to ensure that insurance money shall not remain unpaid if it is possible to find the person or persons entitled to it.

Often it has been necessary to secure evidence of the insured's death and information regarding beneficiaries from widely separated sections of the globe, ranging from the United States to Australia, Mexico, South America, Java, Continental Europe and the Philippines. In some cases the title has had to be traced through two or more generations.

Besides advertising for missing policyholders, some companies print the names in house organs which are distributed among their agents throughout the country. The agents and their office staffs carefully scan the names and follow up all clues. Sometimes the names are printed in small folders for general distribution.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

The company with which I carry my fire insurance is the Eastern Underwriters, agency of the Palatine Insurance Company Limited of London, England. Is that quite all right?

I have also a Mutual Life deposit, on a policy which matured some few years ago. How about that?

I have also an endowment policy, with permanent disability guarantee in the Metropolitan Life. What is your opinion on that?

E. C. F., Saint John, N.B.

As the policy you receive when insuring through the Eastern Underwriters Agency is the policy of the Palatine Insurance Company, Limited, you are amply protected. The Palatine is a British company, with head office at London, Eng., and Canadian head office at Montreal, Que. It was incorporated in 1900, and has been doing business in Canada since 1912. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$308,159 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with.

Your deposit with the Mutual Life is absolutely safe, and the same applies to your policy with the Metropolitan Life, and as it has the disability clause I would strongly advise maintaining it in force, as this protection is valuable and can no longer be obtained in the old form or at the old rate.

Editor, About Insurance:

Please furnish me with some information regarding the Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association of America, of 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. A short time ago I was inquiring regarding the Carnegie Pension Fund for university professors and received a quotation on insurance from the above Association.

Please state: (1) If the company is in any way connected with Carnegie

Fund; (2) If they are licensed to sell insurance in Canada; (3) If they are a reliable company; (4) If there is any advantage in buying from them rather than from a Canadian Company; (5) Should I purchase insurance from them now, how could I pay my premiums in view of the restrictions in sending funds out of Canada.

I.B.R., Saskatoon, Sask.

Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America, with headquarters at New York, was organized in 1918 by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, with funds provided by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, an organization founded by the late Andrew Carnegie and endowed with \$5,000,000 "to promote the advancement of knowledge and understanding."

It is a non-profit association and employs no agents, its policies being issued at cost with no overhead charges. As far as I know, it is licensed only in New York State, but insures by mail teachers in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland. It operates on the full level premium legal reserve system.

It is not licensed in Canada and has no deposit with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders. In case of a disputed claim, payment could not be enforced in the local courts; the claimant would have to take proceedings in New York. Although its rates are low and its financial position is a strong one, I believe it is advisable in taking out insurance of any kind to stick to institutions that are regularly licensed in this country and which have deposits with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders.

At the present time foreign exchange could not be obtained with which to pay the premium on a new policy taken out with this association, although this restriction would not apply to a policy taken out before the existing foreign exchange control legislation went into effect.



ANOTHER OCCIDENTAL RECORD

The thousands of Occidental policyholders throughout the Dominion will read with gratification these highlights from the outstanding year of progress ending December 31, 1940:

NEW LIFE INSURANCE SOLD IN 1940 . . . \$74,377,500
PREMIUM INCOME 13,016,321
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 4,035,256

A RECORD OF PROGRESS

END OF YEAR	ASSETS	INSURANCE IN FORCE
1925	\$11,787,888	\$102,062,867
1930	22,890,628	160,133,850
1935	26,666,736	210,477,386
1940	73,448,041	519,339,495

Occidental's life insurance in force increased 224% in the ten years just ended—a superb record during a difficult decade. Payments to policyholders since organization—\$66,814,477.

Licensed under the Dominion Insurance Act
Full reserve deposited with the Dominion Government

"More Peace of Mind per Premium Dollar"

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE

Occidental Life

LONDON ★ CANADA

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AGENCIES: Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Winnipeg, St. James, Ft. William, Sudbury, Toronto, Ottawa, Waterloo, Granby, Montreal, Quebec City, Three Rivers, Watrous, Que.

Our Family Auto Accident Policy

Pays Doctors', Hospital, or Nurses' Bills if you or a member of your family is injured while riding in an automobile or if run down on the Highway.

Pays up to
\$500.00
For Each Person

Costs Only
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LUMBERMENS MUTUAL

VANCE C. SMITH, Chief Agent

CONCOURSE BUILDING

TORONTO

Casualty Company

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After the War

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Discussing the financial side of Britain's post-war reconstruction and the possibility of a levy on capital to provide for everyone by taking from the "haves", Mr. Layton points out that this step would result in decreasing the Government's tax revenues.

There must be heavy borrowing, he says, and the policy of creating bank credit may have to be continued for a time. But the keynote of the post-war economic and financial policy should be to hold down the tendency toward inflation.



ROLPH R. CORSON

elect a Vice-President of the Boiler Inspection & Insurance Co. of Canada at the annual meeting held in Toronto recently. Mr. Corson is President of the Chartered Trust & Executor Company, Vice-President of Laura Secord Candy Shops Limited, and a Director of many other Canadian concerns.

FIRE INSURANCE WITH Dividends YEAR AFTER YEAR

Under the Northwestern Mutual plan, dividends paid policyholders in 1940 totalled \$1,463,589. Since organization over \$27,900,000 has been returned to policyholders.

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MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION
CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE - VANCOUVER

The WAWANESA Mutual Insurance Company

—ORGANIZED IN 1896—

Assets \$2,894,436.70
Surplus 1,513,855.65
Dom. Gov't Deposit 1,041,353.86

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W. R. HOUGHTON, Canadian Manager
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ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

THIS is perhaps not the most opportune time to talk of the financial side of Britain's post-war reconstruction, but the subject has been raised in earnest by Mr. Douglas Jay, in "Who Is To Pay For The War and The Peace?", and a good deal of interest has been aroused in it. It will be remembered that Mr. Keynes perceived that finance may be "humbug." Mr. Jay thinks there is no humbug enough about it, but he realizes that the financial problem after the war is going to be a continuation of the financial problem during the war. Post-war reconstruction should, of course, be considered primarily in terms of the fundamentals of labor and material, but as things are it would be stupid to leave out of account the capital side. That holds good even if it is assumed that the big jobs of literal reconstruction will be undertaken by the Government.

Mr. Jay is decidedly on the left of the financial wing. He does not like the rentier, and the capitalist in all his forms is accordingly fit only for squeezing until the objectionable juices are out of him and just the plain framework of an honest man left. In practical economic language this purely political opinion boils down to the suggestion of a big capital levy, to take from the "haves" and provide for everyone. Few will object to the basic principle of equality which is involved, but no one pretending to consider the matter from an objective economic standpoint should minimize the difficulties.

Wishful Thinking

Yet this is what Mr. Jay's new book does. The idea that future revenues available to the Exchequer would not be reduced by a capital levy is plainly absurd to anyone who knows elementary economics. And the idea that a 2 per cent. capital tax in wartime would prevent the capitalist from selling securities—if he wanted to and maintaining his consumption thereby is equally plainly, wishful thinking at its worst.

The real case for a capital levy to assist post-war reconstruction cannot be based on such erroneous denials of the disadvantages of capital levy. There is a case, and it is that, although a levy must affect future revenue, and although it could hardly fail to be deflationary, it would have the over-riding advantage of adjusting the financial order to the specific needs of reconstruction.

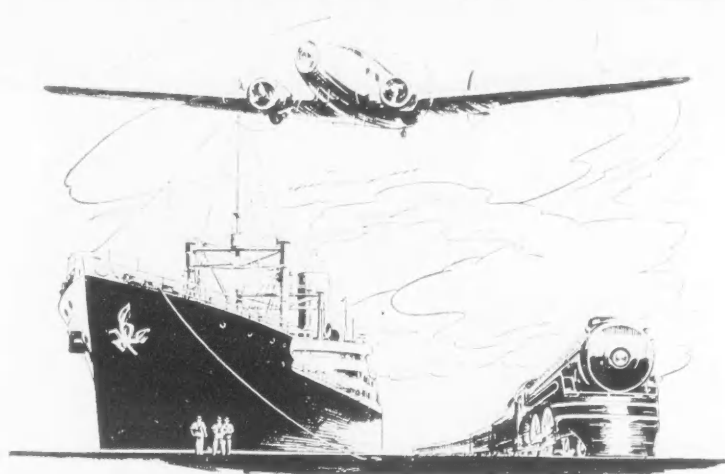
On the question what scale of borrowing by the Government will be necessary, it is easy, on the war precedent, to fix the figure dangerously and unnecessarily high. Mr. Jay talks of two or three billions a year. What sort of National Debt should we have after the stipulated three-year reconstruction period at that rate? Whatever the Government does, it is apparent that the war will bring a pronounced degree of inflation. If the factors producing inflation are deliberately continued after the war, what sort of prospect is there?

The experience of Germany after her first attempt to pocket the world should surely give us warning enough. There must be heavy borrowing, and the policy of creating bank credit may have to be continued for a time. But the keynote of the post-war economic and financial policy must be to hold down the natural assertive tendency of inflation.

Investors should reflect that, if the Government follows this line, it

must mean the continuation of stringent taxation on a war basis, and that it will not allow any letting-up on the Savings Campaign. Saving for the peace will become as important as saving for the war is now.

One aspect of the whole matter which will need close attention is the extent to which a financial program designed for a post-war situation in which the main task of reconstruction is undertaken by the State will have to be modified to stimulate the resuscitation of private enterprise. The Government will have its work cut out to provide fertile conditions for this rebirth and at the same time to persevere with a determined anti-inflationary program.



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President

A. W. EASTMURE
Managing Director

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA



... WILL DREAMS COME TRUE?

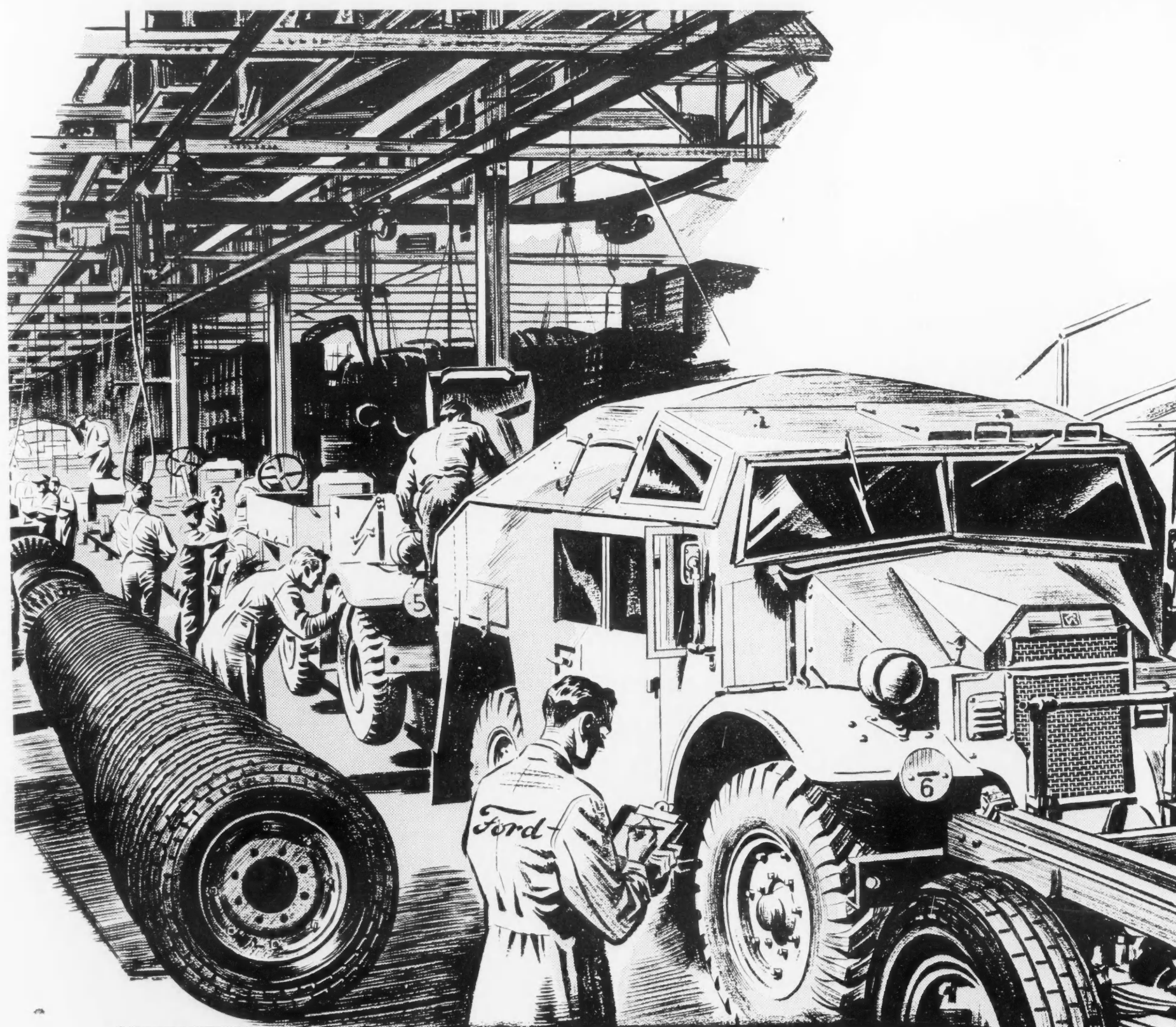
given the education, he has a chance to make his dreams come true. But what if his father were taken away? Would he have to leave school and turn to any work that came along?

With Great-West Life Educational Policies, you can make sure your children will receive the education you want them to have.



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TODAY many important eyes in the British Empire are looking towards Windsor, Ontario. Looking to Ford's great army of skilled Canadian workers for fighting machines with which to carry the battle to the enemy. What these eyes see is an encouraging picture of "all out" Canadian effort.

They see Canadians who know how to work together—quickly, accurately, willingly—workers who have already turned out more than 75,000 military vehicles, of more than twenty types. They see thousands of busy Canadians working with speed and determination each alive to the threat to *his* way of life, to *his* free country and beloved Empire.

Today, Ford of Canada is the most important single source of automotive war equipment for the British Empire.

And so the Ford of Canada assembly lines move at a quickening pace. Frames, axles, wheels, are joined together by skilled hands. Motors swing into place. Bodies descend and are made secure. Sharp, trained eyes check every operation as fighting machines steadily take form. And from this plant comes a stream of army vehicles ready to do service in the Empire's battle lines.

Thanks to Canada—and to Canadian working men reinforcements are coming up at an ever-increasing pace.

Today, assembly lines at Ford of Canada are rolling out a record number of vehicles—with 75% of the entire plant capacity devoted to war production.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED